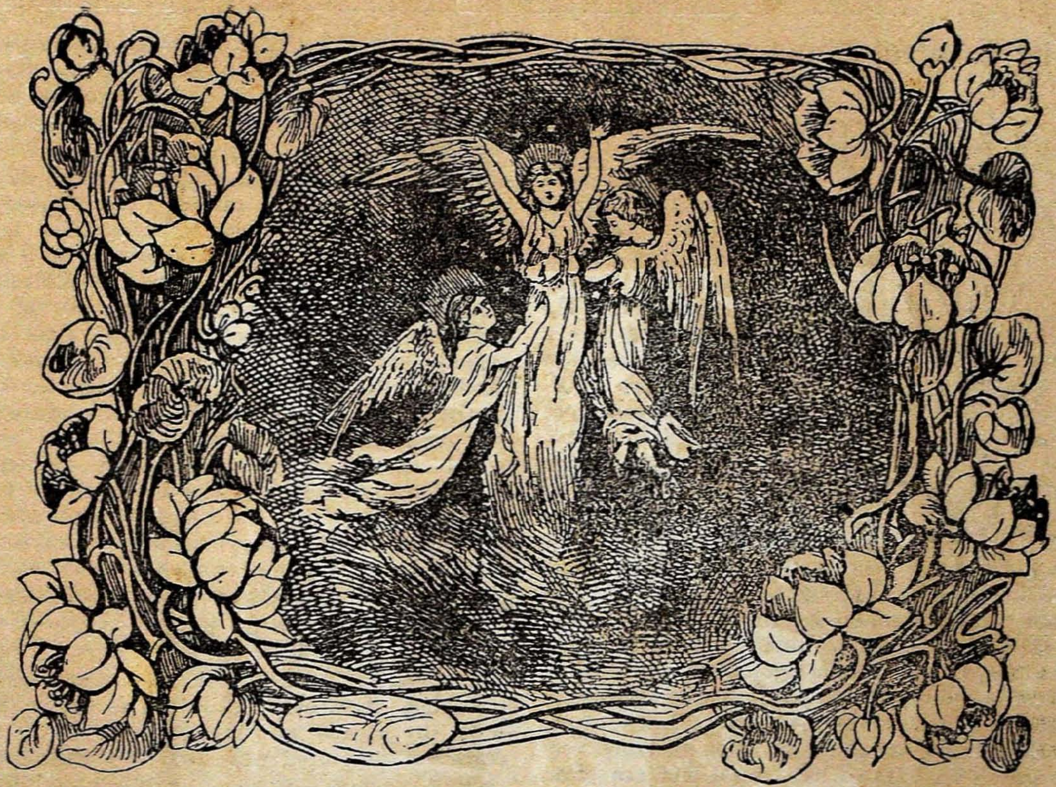


THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

Vol. VII | MAY, 1908 | No. 11

HOPE

A QUOTATION.

I CAN speak of HOPE while the white line edges the grey of the sea, while across the dark heaviness of the clouds the white sea-gull gleams, as it flies backward and forward to the heights and to the touch of the rolling grey wave,—while the pale stars shine out from a deep blue on a summer night, or sparkle above the glimmer of a frosted world.

I can sing of HOPE, when the sun rises gorgeous out of a brilliant east, or when it sets again in a west of crimson.

And, when these sights are not before me, I can think of them to recall HOPE, or when I can no longer think of these things and HOPE seems very faint and far away, I can find the great oblivion, on any spot of GOD'S earth, so that I be alone with Nature.

Let it be day or night, the wide sea, the far sky or the near earth, the greatness of GOD is there—the mystery; and out of oblivion a stronger, freer, purer HOPE is born.

The Greatest Thing in the World.

THE above is the title of a precious book by Henry Drummond, a book full of beautiful and great thoughts, a book which is a gem in itself. The writer speaks from an intensely human point of view. He speaks of the need of every man, and the soul-cry of humanity of the heart which cries for more love and more sympathy from fellow-man. He begins with answering the question "What is the *summum bonum*—the supreme good,"—the question of every heart that has spent some moment in serious thought. The basis of this book is taken from the Epistles of Saint Paul, the XIII Chapter of I Corinthians, from the letters of a man, who was once a bigoted and orthodox believer in the Jewish religion, but who afterwards became a most fervent Christian. Each of us has answered the above question in some way to ourselves, but we have been and are often told, that faith, the key-note of all religion, is the answer. But is it so? Saint Paul had been speaking of faith, but to him faith is insufficient. It is not enough to make us long for the welfare of our fellow-men. "Now abideth faith, hope and love, but the greatest of these is love." It is not inexperience that makes him write so. The hand that wrote these lines was first stained with the blood of the unbelievers. In St. Paul's letter, we see a ripening love and a tenderness that is not visible in his first epistles. The greatest writings on Christianity speak of love as the key-stone, but the highest is found when John the disciple says, "God is Love." Nothing can be greater than that. The fountain head is all love. Can the little rills and streams be anything else, however much the soil over which they flow may differ? Many are aware of the moral laws of the Jews, not only of the Jews, but of all nations,—the laws that bind society together in integrity and honesty and sanctity. Do not steal, do not murder, do not sin against thy neighbour in his most sacred relations either social or moral. If there is love, there will be no default against thy Creator or thy neighbour. This is the secret of Christ's teaching. "By love serve one another," says one of the great teachers of humanity, and service is here meant in its widest and deepest sense.

Professor Drummond has given us a beautiful thesis on love. Many, I am sure, know of these beautiful verses in the above-mentioned chapter. The author of the book breaks it up into three parts, naming them thus, love *contrasted*, love *analysed* and love *defended*, as the supreme gift.

St. Paul begins by contrasting love with the things that men thought much of in those days, namely, the noble gifts of eloquence, prophecy, and the noble characteristics of sacrifice and martyrdom. In those days men were well acquainted with the stately oratory of the Romans, the flowing periods of the Athenians; this gift of rousing the feelings, and of playing upon the emotions of man is a great power, yet hollow words, words without zeal, emotion and the fire of the spirit, are useless. We are all aware of how dissatisfied we feel when we listen to a speech rich in language and in oratory, but without the power of touching the human element in us. "If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels and have not love, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." Such is the power of eloquence. Can it be compared to love?

Next is taken up the gift of prophecy. It was a great ambition in those days. Every mother anxiously longed for her son to become a prophet. God had spoken to His people, the Jews, by means of prophets for hundreds of years and the people were anxiously waiting for another prophet to arise. St. Paul contrasts love with mysteries, with knowledge and with faith,—"and although I have the gift of prophecy and understand all mysteries and all knowledge; and though I have all faith so that I could remove mountains and have not love, I am nothing." Love is greater than faith, because the end is greater than the means. What is the use of faith, but that the soul of man be connected with God, and why?—that man may become in some slight way at least like his Creator;—but God is love—Hence love, the end, is greater than faith, the means.

Next are taken up sacrifice and martyrdom. "And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor and though I give my body to be burned, and have not love, it profiteth me nothing." It was a popular idea among the Jews that salvation may be gained by good actions only, among which charity is considered the greatest. But bestowing gifts without love for the poor is useless. It is too cheap an effort on our part, or at times it is too dearly bought by the beggar, because it is often a greater charity to withhold rather than to give. As to sacrifice, we know the efforts of the many missionaries that go to foreign lands to spread the Gospels. Whose efforts meet with most success? Those, on whose life and character is the impress and reflection of the love of God. This love is the key to the language of the heart of men of all creeds and religions. It is a universal language. It will

take men years of hard effort to learn the foreign languages and the customs and traditions of the people, but if there is love it will be seen and understood without speech. "It is the man who is the missionary, it is not his words. His character is his message." Such a man was Livingstone, says Professor Drummond, the man who made the men and women around him feel the love that beat in his own heart. The greatest sacrifice on our part will have no effect, if we have not love in our hearts.

Next, the author goes on with the analysis of love. "It is a compound thing, says he: it is like light." As the light is broken up into its different elements by the prism, "so St. Paul passes love through the magnificent prism of his intellect, and it comes out on the other side broken up into its elements." What are these elements? They are the virtues that we speak of and that are known to us in our everyday life, but of which we have taken no heed. These are the names that he gives to them;—Patience, kindness, generosity, humility, courtesy, unselfishness, good temper, guilelessness and sincerity—"these make up the supreme gift, the stature of the perfect man"—"all these are in relation to men, in relation to life, in relation to the known to-day and the near to-morrow, and not to the unknown eternity." The author touches lightly on each of these, but with a lightning touch bringing out the deepest meanings of them all. Love is patience. "This," says the Professor, "is the normal attitude of love; love passive, love waiting to begin; not in a hurry, calm, ready tô do its work when the summons comes, but meantime wearing the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit." "Love suffereth long" says St. Paul, "beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things." Why? for love understands and therefore waits:—Love is kind. The greatest man of humanity, the Son of Man, spent his life on earth in doing innumerable little kind actions.

A cup of cold water in My Name to one of their children, said Christ, will not be forgotten —kindness is the easiest thing in the world. It is infallible in its effects. It is instantaneous in its action. "Love never faileth." "Love is success, love is happiness, love is life." "Love," says Browning, "is energy of life."

"For life, with all it yields of joy and love,
And hope and fear,
Is just our chance o' the prize of learning love—
How love might be, hath been, indeed, and is."

We pass but once through our life and then it should be our aim to give the most pleasure we can, not only in trying to please, but in giving pleasure, which is "the ceaseless and anonymous triumph of a truly loving spirit." Then again, love is generous, because "it envieth not." It gives in the grace of magnanimity, the large, gracious rich soul which is not jealous of others. Then comes "Humility"—the characteristic of doing and yet being silent about it. It is a beautiful thought that love should go out into the world doing kindnesses and spreading sweetness, yet retiring into the shade at the first opportunity. Love hides even from itself. Love waives even self-satisfaction. "Love vaunted not itself and is not puffed up." The fifth element is courtesy—that is, the bond of society; "Love in society, love in relation to etiquette." "Love doth not behave itself unseemly." Politeness and courtesy have often been defined as love in trifles, in little things. The one secret of doing such things is love. "He prayeth best who loveth best all things both great and small." This is the characteristic of a gentleman and a gentlewoman, to do all things gently and in love, considerately, sympathetically. Again, Love is unselfish, "doth not seek her own." Nothing is a hardship to Love and nothing is hard. "There is no happiness in having or in getting, but only in giving and in serving others." It is more blessed to give than to receive" and this is the true characteristic of true love. The next element is "good temper." This is often considered a weakness, a failing, but it goes deeper than that. It shews at the bottom of one's heart an unloving heart. In one blast of temper can be seen all the evils that beset human nature, want of patience, kindness, generosity, and so on. Love will create a new spirit and a new heart, and thus purify the disposition and the character.

Guilelessness and sincerity are great characteristics and have the greatest influence on people. "To think no evil" of others is a grand thing. "To be trusted is to be saved." The worst character among men, if he meets with one who instinctively and thoroughly believes in him, will find the grace of God working in him and re-forming his nature; "for the respect of another is the first restoration of the self-respect a man has lost; our ideal of what he is becomes to him the pattern and hope of what he may become." Sincerity, the characteristic which rejoiceth not in iniquity but rejoiceth in the truth, is the characteristic of a great man, a hero, says Carlyle. "It includes," says Professor Drummond, "perhaps more strictly, the self-restraint which refuses to make capital out of others' faults; the charity which delights not in exposing the weakness of others but 'covereth all things,' the sincerity of purpose which endeavours to see things as they are and rejoices to find them better than suspicion, fear or calumny denounced." Such is the analysis of love. It remains for us to fit it into our characters, to learn "how much

better we can love." "Character develops in the stream of life." It is by practice, by striving against temptation, by conquering all the little troubles that beset us daily;—it is in such an atmosphere, that we have to live truly and to love truly.

Then is taken up the last part of the thesis.—The *defence of love*. Love never faileth—All other things are transient, but love is everlasting. Prophesies will pass away. Tongues will cease, knowledge will vanish away. Love is eternal, everlasting.

Many of the popular religions are addressed to only a part of man's value. They offer peace, they offer salvation, they offer justification. Such a religion does not hold man. It does not offer "a deeper or a gladder life-current than the life that was lived before"—only a fuller love can compete with the love of the world.

Such is the teaching of love, love in all its beautiful phases, love as a moulder of character and of the spirit; and if we can imbibe its teachings, we shall then have the greatest happiness in our lives.

"Love took up the harp of life and smote on
all the chords with might,
Smote the chord of self, that, trembling, passed
in music out of sight!"

S. R.

Social Psychology.

II

THE form of government of a people is determined by the people themselves. This fact does not appear on the surface, but if we retrace step by step the upward path of progress and civilisation we find that the first appearance of a directing ruling spirit must of necessity be voluntarily sought for and established.

What are the forces and circumstances that tend to develop nations in any particular direction? One of the most important, and the one we will consider to-day, is that of geographical position of climate and sorroundings. But in dealing with the evolution of Social Psychology, we must always remember that no outward condition affects the science without a corresponding inward movement, caused by the free will and intelligence of its component parts; *viz.*—the people themselves. Psychology is thus differentiated from every other science by this dual movement, in which the outside conditions and the inward forces play upon each other. There is a give and take, a free choice and refusal.

In this way, certain moral and social truths become apparent; and our discovery of them does not mean that we therefore created them. They are there whether we know it or not. This is a most important point and one that is contradicted by a small class of psychologists. An analogy from mathematics may make this more clear. It is an universally accepted fact that in every triangle there are two right angles. But can we say that Euclid's disclosure of this fact, made the fact? Certainly not. It existed all the same—before he called attention to it, and would sooner or later have been discovered by practical experience.

So do moral and social truths reveal themselves in the practical experience of life. They can then be separated and regarded as knowledge, but they existed before that time, though unconsciously for us.

The production of experience then is civilisation and production. These two have not the same meaning, but they advance side by side.

We will now trace the part that environment has played in the progress of primitive man.

Notice first the kind of people who inhabit the wide open plain. They are lean, tense and muscular. This is because of the dry atmosphere, open wide-ranging life and kind of food consisting chiefly of meat. The senses of sight and hearing become highly developed by the great spaces of land and sky around them; corresponding to the senses, we see the development of such mental qualities as courage and endurance. These are the necessary outcome of the hardy life of the plains. In primitive days the only forms of wealth were the personal adjuncts of life. Private property and the accumulation of possessions, for their own sake, were unknown. The people were dirty; their toilet consisting mainly of a roll in some ashes and a daub of grease. This was due to the scarcity of water and the intense dryness of the atmosphere. The form of government, if form it may be called, at that early time was necessarily democratic; each man fought and struggled for himself. The virtue of hospitality was however largely exercised, for the instinct, that benefits, conferred, return to the giver, was even then awake. The kind of country in which a people live influences

their religious tendencies. Those on the plains lean toward Monotheism and those living among hills, trees and woods, towards Polytheism. The vastness and space of the plains helps the idea of one supreme mind, while it is easy to imagine the presence of many spirits lurking in hill-caves or sheltered woods.

The first monkey who succeeded in breaking a cocoanut with a stone, was a great pioneer of his age, for his action marked the introduction of tools. This was a very pronounced feature in the advancement of man. For now his time was greatly economised and he could turn his energies into other channels than those of getting food, which hitherto had occupied all his time. The fact that some people could use tools to better purpose than others, was soon discovered. This recognition of different degrees of skill was an immense social advance.

The next great step was the domestication of animals. This involved an entire revolution in social conditions. Large groups of people disappeared. Society became more welded together, for the sprit of self-reliance, and each for himself, was merged in a broader spirit of mutual depenence in the daily needs of life. Out of this new condition sprang a new virtue—that of justice—and as the exercise of this was found to work well and maintained an upward trend, it was enforced by society. The domestication of animals led to the division of territory. The land had to be cultivated and so another great factor in civilisation—agriculture—arose. And with these outward movements, the moral law kept pace in parallel progress. Everything tends towards complexity. The play-faculty appears; one side of which is know as art. Art begins through an excess of energy which has no definite channel in which to expend itself, and therefore the restless spirit looks about and makes one for itself. With the increase of possessions the idea of value and wealth began to change. Man began to associate material things with himself and his family to the exclusion of other people—thus private property became an element of life, bringing in its train new and strong feelings of self-respect, self-reliance and moral worth.

This is a very crude sketch of the gradual progress of peoples, showing how it is influenced by such sorroundings as climate and land. In our next paper, we shall try to show the economic conditions, which have effected and helped progress.

M. SIDGWICK.

Maxims and Mottoes from the Ramayana.

1. Rise not after the sun.
2. Neither eat without hunger nor fast with it.
3. Keep order in your surroundings, and keep them as clean as you can.
4. Systematic perseverance in everything would surely ensure success.
5. Bear ill-will towards none, if you cannot love all.
6. Do not cherish any evil thought.
7. Do not give yourself room for serious anger.
8. Look pure and be pure.
9. Happiness and misery are produced in self from good and bad actions performed during life.
10. Forgiveness is the greatest of virtues.
11. Charity and kindness towards others are virtues which are good if practised without attachment. So practised and with *bakti* they will lead to God.
12. A man's deeds are the touchstone of his greatness and littleness.
13. Because evil produces evil therefore evil should be feared more than fire.
14. True happiness consists in self-reliance.
15. From contentment comes superlative happiness.

HARVEST HYMN

Men's Voices

Lord of the lotus, lord of the harvest,
Bright and munificent lord of the morn!
Thine is the bounty that prospered our sowing,
Thine is the bounty that nurtured our corn.
We bring thee our songs and our garlands for tribute,
The gold of our fields and the gold of our fruit;
O giver of mellowing radiance, we hail thee,
We praise thee, O Surya, with cymbal and flute.
Lord of the rainbow, lord of the harvest,
Great and beneficent lord of the main!
Thine is the mercy that cherished our furrows,
Thine is the mercy that fostered our grain.
We bring thee our thanks and our garlands for tribute,
The wealth of our valleys, new-garnered and ripe;
O sender of rain and the dewfall, we hail thee,
We praise thee, Varuna, with cymbal and pipe.

Women's Voices

Queen of the gourd-flower, queen of the harvest,
Sweet and omnipotent mother, O Earth!
Thine is the plentiful bosom that feeds us,
Thine is the womb where our riches have birth.
We bring thee our love and our garlands for tribute,
With gifts of thy opulent giving we come;
O source of our manifold gladness, we hail thee,
We praise thee, O Prithvi, with cymbal and drum.

All Voices

Lord of the Universe, Lord of our being,
Father eternal, ineffable Om!
Thou art the Seed and the Scythe of our harvests,
Thou art our Hands and our Heart and our Home.
We bring thee our lives and our labours for tribute,
Grant us thy succour, thy counsel, thy care.
O Life of all life and all blessing, we hail thee,
We praise thee, O Bramha, with cymbal and prayer.

Sarojini Naidu.

The Higher Education of Women.

THE question of women's education in India is becoming more and more absorbing. As long as the women were indifferent, the movement was slow, but now that the younger generation are eager for instruction and education, the support and aid of the thinking men and women of the community is very necessary. But, before the latter can take any steps, the opposition caused by prejudice and custom must be lived down. This is easier in towns than in villages and mofussil places; but, even in towns, it requires courage and perseverance to go against the iron rules laid down by centuries of caste supremacy and time-honoured tradition.

The very first hindrance to a higher school education for girls is that their attendance at school after the age of twelve or thirteen is impossible. The bias is now towards English education and children are being sent to girls' schools where English is taught. But there they have this disadvantage. Until eight or nine years of age girls are either kept at home or sent to a vernacular school to master the rudiments of their vernaculars. After this they are taken to an English school, with perhaps a leaving certificate from the fourth class, and the fond parents insist upon the admission of the girl into very near the same standard in English. But the very evident objection that the child does not understand enough English to follow the instruction given, is not grasped by the parents. The only answer given is that she can read English, which is very true, for she can do so, but with a parrot-like imitation, not understanding of the passage or without being able to return an answer to a simple question. Such girls, with their knowledge of arithmetic and other subjects far above the infant standard, have to be admitted into the above standard for want of a little knowledge of English, and by the time they come up to the second or third standard, the girl is not allowed to attend school any more on account of the custom of the country. Thus the school education of such a child is nearly nil. She gets a smattering of her own tongue, a very poor knowledge of English and perhaps the four simple rules in arithmetic, and then everything is stopped. The girl does not know enough to go on with her education herself. At this period then will perhaps come in the usefulness of the home-education classes. But few such classes are held and they do not reach the masses. This is not the only objection. Perhaps the girl's relations object, as is many times the case. Only yesterday such a case was brought to my notice. The girl in question was fond of study from her childhood and was sent to school till it was time to go to her husband's home. There she was discouraged to continue her studies, as it was against the will of her new relations: and she writes to me to say that it is anguish of soul to relinquish all her fond ideas and dreams. Are there not many such cases in the land against the higher education of women?

The objection raised by the men is that education makes them unwomanly, and neglectful of their household duties. Is this possible? Education in its true sense is a development of the mental, moral, and physical qualities, and leads to the making of a perfect woman—one who has it in her power to understand and appreciate nature and human conduct, to delight in and follow art, and to help and support the cause of humanity. It is so easy to write about the benefits of education and to speak about the subject, but what is required is that real practical measures should be taken to further the advance of education. It is in the hands of the men to help or to retard the movement. They themselves enjoy all the benefits of an English education and when they turn to their homes they do not find sweet companions. Hindus have no real home, in the true sense of the word, a home where mutual sympathy, and mutual help is the law of the home and where the eye is delighted with the beauty of surroundings and the fittings of the home. This is mainly because woman does not hold her proper position as the centre of the home-circle; and how can woman be the presiding deity of the home unless she herself is fit for it. Only education can do this and it is in the hands of the men of the community to make opportunities for their wives and sisters to accomplish this and to help and encourage them in their efforts to gain the privilege of a higher mental training.

The most practical measure that can be adopted without much difficulty seems to be to send the girls to school when they are young, as soon as they are brave enough to stay all day by themselves at school. If the home education is such that the mental faculties are carefully trained by encouraging observation and in various other ways, children need not be sent very young to school. But where this is wanting, harm will result by allowing the children to run wild at home. Again, if the parents have made up their minds to give an English education to their girls, it is best to send them from the beginning to a school where instruction is given wholly in English. Here again is another disadvantage. Are children, when sent to such a school, to lose their verna-

culars? No, by all means. No. But it is easier for the children to learn the vernaculars at their homes, rather than English. Another disadvantage is that many girls' schools, which teach English as a first language, do not teach the vernaculars. This is, I suppose, because girls of so many different vernaculars attend school. But I think in every school from the beginning at least one vernacular should be taught side by side with English every day; the vernacular only as a language lesson, but instruction in all the other subjects to be given in English. It seems at present that general instruction given in English will be more helpful than if given in the vernacular. English bids fair to become the common language of the land, and also the latest and most definite information on various subjects and sciences is given in English books. Such being the case, girls should be educated in English as well as men. A serious drawback to the advance of English education is that English is not spoken at home. The children are not accustomed to think and speak in English, they usually think in the vernacular and translate the thought into English which usually gives rise to the use of wrong idioms, and the translation of the vernacular idiom. English and the vernacular should be as it were actual languages for the children, with ability to think and converse freely in both.

Another practical measure would be to keep the girls at school till they attain a certain standard.

It does not matter if they do not pass examinations, but the aim should be that they be kept at school till they are able to read and understand for themselves. This is a difficult thing to do on account of the early marriages of girls. But if a few households band themselves together and resolve to send the girls to school even after the usual time, others will soon follow. But this measure means at first, as is usual with other pioneers, much prosecution, and unhappiness, and, perhaps, ostracism; but such pioneers are very much required. There are a few scattered about in the land, and my earnest hope is that more may follow.

If we turn to the question of higher education itself, the problem is what is it to consist of? There are certain girls who are ambitious, who desire to pass high examinations. If such have strength and ability, encourage them by all means. They will become useful members of the community, able instruments fit to turn their hand to professions if need should arise. But there are many who cannot pass examinations. What should the curriculum for them be? It should be such as would give them useful and instructive information and also such as will cultivate a taste for the arts. Instruction in the mother-tongue and in English should be given, so as to enable the girls to study the literature of the present age and bygone ages. Airthmetic and the elements of mathematics should be taught as this branch of knowledge s a sure guide to cultivate the reasoning faculties. They are taught the definitions of laws, that are always true in certain circumstances, and it is, as it were, a drill for the mental faculties. Again, a knowledge of history and geography is essential, as it is necessary for them to learn about their own country and other countries as well. Also, they should be taught hygiene, domestic economy and physiology, so as to enable them to understand the laws of health, the structure of the body, and the necessary laws of sanitation. Hand-in-hand with instruction in the sciences should go instruction in art. Girls should have a course of needle-work (plain and fancy), music, drawing, and painting, and the other arts. Their tastes should be tested and cultivated. What I think is most essential is a course of lectures on sick nursing. Invalids and convalescents have very hard times in Hindu homes; and I am sure more deaths are due to bad nursing and ill-management, than want of proper medicines. The above is only an outline sketch of the curriculum with the details to be filled in according to individual tastes. But to meet these demands, it would be admirable if a special school were opened for Hindu girls, a school of general instruction supplied with good teachers, who will know how to lead the child's mind to discover new knowledge for itself and to delight in such discoveries. The curriculum in such a school should be flexible and not fixed and mechanical, not to rush through such and such a set portion for inspection or examination at the end of the year. In England, there are what are called finishing schools, where general and useful instruction on many subjects is given; but usually instruction in such schools is only surface deep. Schools of general instruction for Hindu girls will be of immense benefit, if carried out on proper lines, and if the instruction given is thorough.

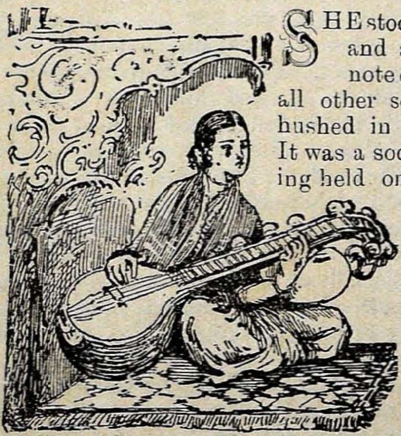
Another essential factor is intercourse with able minds. This is entirely denied to Hindu maidens. They cannot enter society; intercourse among themselves is not helpful enough; intercourse with English ladies is very difficult and almost impracticable in present circumstances, intercourse with men of their own community is entirely out of the question. Hence, where are the opportunities of intercourse? In the English home, this pleasant intercourse is another characteristic. The influence of mind upon mind, the expression of opinions freely and without reserve, the clash of intellect in argument: the sword-play of wit in conversation, the apt simile, and, above all, the courteous manner

of address and movement—all these are an education in themselves. If only Hindu homes were such, how short a time it would be before the emancipation of women's minds from the trammels of ignorance would be effected. But, as I said before, everything rests with the men. They can defy custom and prejudice, they can introduce reforms in the home, and they can help in a variety of ways. Pioneers, brave and strong, are required, and when they set steadily to work, mountains of caste prejudices and tradition will disappear, and the cause of the fuller privilege of womanhood will steadily advance.

H. K.

"All is well that ends well."

A STORY OF INDIAN CHRISTIAN LIFE.



SHE stood up to sing and at the first note of her voice all other sounds were hushed in the room. It was a social gathering held on the occasion of the tenth anniversary of an Association which had long been doing good work in P......; and as it was a well-known and well-favoured Association, there was a large number of people present. Native Christians of all class crowded the wide room, and interspersed among them were a few Europeans and a sprinkling of Hindu gentlemen. The scene was one which a reader of character would have found interesting, so many different sides of nature were presented there. Almost hidden away in the background, or sitting in corners, were some girls, too shy to mix with the gay throng in front of them, talking in whispers to themselves or watching the scene around. Forming quite a contrast to these were groups of laughing girls who talked loudly and continually glanced around them as if wishing to attract attention, some of them going up to the shy girls and talking to them in patronising tones, with a virtuous air of not wishing to shirk their social duty, while others were engaged in conversation with the young men who were lounging about the room; while their mothers—some of them gay and fashionable matrons, and some, shy, quiet women, who seemed willing to sink themselves into obscurity, and leave all the blessings of high society to their daughters—looked on in pride at their success and looked down on those mothers whose daughters were not, so to speak, a social success. Forming again quite a contrast to these gay groups were a few girls neatly and plainly dressed, neither too forward nor too shy, moving about the room with all the calm and grace of perfect breeding and the unostentatious dignity of quiet natures. These went about, now talking to the shy girls and drawing them out to show the attractions which lay hidden under their flurried exterior; now mixing with the fashionable throng, quite undaunted by the severe looks of criticism cast upon them from certain quarters; now helping by their talk to smooth down the petty jealousies which even then arose between some families and became apparent in the looks and glances they cast at one another; now quieting the outraged dignity of others who thought themselves neglected by their so-called friends and consequently found themselves foiled in their attempts to push themselves on in society. The girl who was singing was one of those who had been flitting about with the frivolous brightness of fashion and joyous youth. She was pretty, with a taking look of pertness on her bright face; but as she stood up to sing, all her frivolous exterior vanished and the latent nobility of her character became apparent in her face, communicating itself to her song, the pure liquid notes of which floated through the room, like the soft carol of a bird. Every one was watching her intently, some with envy, but most of them with admiration and wonder, for she had a very fine voice, which promised one day to make her a good singer. But there were two men who were looking at her with more attention than any of the others. One was a smart looking young man, dressed fashionably in well-fitting English tweeds, with an air of good breeding and high society about him. His manners were extremely polished and polite and they favourably impressed the beholder for the first moment; but they seemed somewhat affected, and the good impression was swept away the next by the air of swagger and confidence which showed through the assumed elegance of his deportment. This young man had but just lately returned from England, where his fond parents had sent him to finish his education, and this was the first time he had appeared in public after his arrival in India. The welcome given to him therefore was very hearty, and many young men had gathered round him, striving to imitate his looks and manners and even his style of speaking. Just about the time that the girl had begun her song, he had been talking volubly to some of them, discussing the different ways of

English and Indian life, and giving his opinions with a good deal of confidence in his own ability and importance. Consequently, when the song began and the room became suddenly hushed into a profound silence, which was only broken by the tones of his voice, he was astonished and turned round to see what the cause of it was. When he saw the girl, he shrugged his shoulders and settled himself with an air of being bored to listen to her song, thinking probably that it was much like the music that had gone before. But soon his assumed nonchalance changed into real attention, and he could not but admit to himself the beautiful quality of the singer's voice; and now that he looked at her attentively, he saw what a pretty girl she was, with just the style of face that he liked. Without doubt she was a fine girl and she sang divinely, just as he had heard many ladies sing in England; and he bent forward and watched her with interest, and, in spite of himself, with admiration and wonder.

The other man, who was looking at her with so much attention, was as different from her first admirer as are two birds of different species. He was tall and thin and dressed very plainly, and he had not the air of the prosperous man about him. But his face and expression were noble, his very air inspired a confidence and respect which nothing that he did afterwards dispelled, and his smile, which was rare, lighted up his somewhat rugged and melancholy features with a wonderful beauty and softness. Now, as he gazed at the girl, his very soul seemed to come into his eyes, and a whole world of tenderness and love seemed to be poured out of them on her; but, ennobled though she was by the flood of feeling which her song appeared to rouse in her, she yet appeared unworthy of that regard.

The song over, amid the applause of the company, the girl mixed again with her friends, and as she moved about the room, her frivolous look returned again to her face. Her eyes continually travelled round the room seeking praise, and the admiring comments of her friends she received, as if they were all due to her.

Meanwhile Mr. Swamiar—the gentleman whom we have noticed as lately returned from England—had been so struck by the young lady's appearance that he inquired about her from one of his friends. "O that girl," was the answer, "she is a pretty girl and she sings very well. But she does not belong to a very high family. They were rich once, but now—. Ah! I see you are looking for her. That is her mother, sitting there, rather an insignificant creature, is she not? I will introduce you to her, if you wish to make her acquaintance."

"If you would be so good, I shall be delighted," drawled out Mr. Swamiar with assumed indifference, and the introduction was made. Mrs. Ramadas was a stout, portly matron, with a plump, rather apathetic face, and she was one of those who were feeling themselves insulted by the neglect of their friends. All the time she had been sitting almost alone in a corner, and very few had come to her or spoken to her, and she was boiling with suppressed anger at this treatment which she thought was outrageous. So when this grand gentleman was introduced to her as one who had lately returned from England, and who was anxious to make her acquaintance, her pride and delight knew no bounds. She at once got up from her chair and tried to speak to him, as she had heard the English ladies speaking to their friends. But she did not know English well, and she was so flurried and excited, and the result of her efforts was so extremely grotesque, that Mr. Swamiar could not repress a smile of amusement. But he suppressed it as well as he could and spoke to her so politely that she felt her equanimity restored, though now and again she felt as if he was laughing at her. Then, suddenly remembering her daughter, she told him with a look of pride that she had a daughter, who had passed her Marticulation; and he expressed a wish to see her. Then Mrs. Ramadas, finding her daughter at the other end of the room, proudly conducted her new acquaintance up to her and introduced him, casting a look of defiance around the room, especially at those who were observing them with looks of envy, which, on catching her glance, they tried to convert into looks of disdain.

"This is my daughter, Mr. Swamiar," she said in loud tones; "I am sure you will find it interesting to talk to her, for she is very clever." At these words a suppressed titter was heard in the room, and "Hush, mother, hush," interrupted her daughter, for even she felt that her mother was passing the bounds of propriety in her excitement.

"Why child, why should you be ashamed of it," she was beginning, but her daughter again broke in, and Mr. Swamiar, seeing the state of things, began to talk, and Mrs. Ramadas soon forgot her vexation at being interrupted so often, in gazing at him and listening to his words.

"What a fine man he is," she thought, "if only, now, if he only liked my daughter, how nice it would be," and she went off into beautiful dreams of what might be, in which she always found herself figuring as a very grand lady, crushing by her splendour and disdain those poor mortals who had once dared to insult her. Meanwhile Mr. Swamiar was talking to her daughter, and she was trying to answer him with witty and smart answers, wishing to show off her cleverness and her knowledge, for had she not passed the Matriculation?

But the other man who had looked at her with such a look of love, kept apart and never attempted to speak to her. He sat by himself in a corner and did not mix with those around him, as the other young men did. For a long time he continued absorbed in his reflections, while none spoke to him, though many did notice his noble interesting face; and then he got up and left the room without saying anything to anyone. He was only a poor nobody,—a private tutor in a few Native Christian families, and of course he was not worthy of notice by the grandees of society. Mr. Krishnaswamy was the private tutor of Mr. Ramadas' two sons, one of whom was going up for the Middle School examination, and the other studying in the Fourth Form Their father did not believe very much in school education, and though his sons did go to school, he thought it would be better if he got them a private teacher; and Mr. Krishnaswmy had been the one chosen for this task. The boys read under him every day, and he was accustomed to see their sister very often in the school-room; and, moreover, she and they were taking lessons from him in Latin, in which he was considered to be very good. So he had come to know the girl very well, and from the first feeling himself attracted by her, had come at last to love her with all his heart.

Mr. and Mrs. Ramadas had once lived in very good style; but lately the former had lost most of his money in foolish speculations, and they had to live now under very straitened circumstances. All their old acquaintances, who had once been so anxious to seek their company, had dropped them, except a few tried friends, but these were so busy that they seldom came to see them. They had a daughter, Grace, who had passed her Matriculation Examination, and two sons; and Mrs. Ramadas, a simple woman, who had had very little education herself, was so proud of the former that she could not make enough of her. She flattered her child's beauty and the little education that she had, and was always careful of not giving her much work to do. So Grace had come to think herself a very clever and beautiful girl, who would demean herself if she did domestic work of any sort. She had a very good voice, a high soprano extending over a wide range. She could run up the scale taking the high B, without the least break, and her voice was as rich and clear as the tones of a flute, and yet so powerful, that it was a pleasure to listen to her singing. She had taken some vocal lessons before her father became poor, but even after that her mother stinted herself and scraped together some money to enable her daughter to continue these lessons in a convent. So Grace spent all her time between going for her music lessons and practising at home, taking Latin lessons from her brother's tutor, talking to her girl-friends, of whom she had a great many, and entertaining the young men who frequented their home, attracted by her pretty face and lovely voice. Her mother was left to do all the homework, and the daughter was fast developing into a frivolous girl, with no other object in life than to gain pleasure. Mr. Ramadas was averse to having his house frequented by so many young men, but he was so busy that he was seldom at home except late in the evenings, and he was very fond of his daughter and disposed to be lenient towards her. There was no one in the house, therefore, who had any influence over Grace, except, perhaps, her brothers' tutor, of whom she stood in wholesome dread. Though Mr. Krishnaswamy loved her very much, yet he was aware of her faults and had often a way of looking at her, which at once silenced her foolish frivolity. But, beneath this exterior he saw the nobility of the girl's nature, and he knew it only needed an awakening hand to come to the surface; and that was why he loved her so much. He knew she was truthful, honest and open-natured, and the simplicity of her character it was that, in spite of her vanity, endeared her so much to him. But nothing of these feeling did he ever show to her, and Grace, felt awed and quiet in his presence. Often when her mother was at some heavy work, Grace would sit at the piano and sing her songs and feel very happy all the time, for she never often wilfully neglected her mother; it was only her thoughtlessness for others and her absorption in herself which prevented her from noticing how overworked her mother was. At such times, if the tutor was present in the room, he would look at the girl with such a meaning glance, that she at once felt her spirits damped, and all sorts of thoughts would come into her mind about her wasting her life, &c. She disliked this sudden change so much and the unhappiness these thoughts brought her, that she sometimes even felt that she hated the teacher. She was sure he despised her, and this, of course, she resented, for admiration was what she wanted from everyone. But for this very reason perhaps there was no one whom she respected so much as Mr. Krishnaswamy, not even her father, though she loved him very much. And the influence of his stern morality and nobility was making itself felt in her even then, for of late she had begun to weary of the life she led, the constant seeking after happiness, the aimlessness of everything she did, and the company of the young men who flocked around her with their insipid remarks and incessant admiration. But at this time something happened which promised quite to change the current of her life and turn it into a new channel.

The young stranger, Mr. Swamiar, whom she had met at the social gathering, was not disposed to leave her alone after the interesting glimpse he had had of her. He was a graduate of the London University and expected to get a very high post as teacher in one of the Colleges. But he had not yet received an appointment which he liked; and his time hanging heavy on his hands, he thought a small flirtation with pretty Miss Ramadas would not be uninteresting and would help to pass the time agreeably. So he came often to their house and was welcomed eagerly by the mother and also the father; for one night Mrs. Ramadas had whispered in her husband's ear the hopes that she entertained regarding their visitor and their daughter, and Mr. Ramadas thought that if it could be so arranged it would be a very good match for his daughter. Mr. Swamiar appeared rich and well-to-do, and moreover he seemed to be good-natured, and if he won his daughter would no doubt make her happy, thought the innocent father, with a smile, and he did not interfere with his wife's plans. She welcomed her visitor with eager joy, looked after his comfort and fussed about him, with such an apparent desire of making a good impression, that the young man was often amused by her simplicity and guilelessness. Meanwhile his opinion regarding the girl had changed. He was left alone a great deal with her, and her prettiness, her wit and brightness and her beautiful voice had impressed him a good deal, and he thought she would be a very great acquisition if he married her. So after a few months he asked the parents for their daughter's hand and they consented at once, and then he asked the girl herself. She was dazzled by her admirer, the fashionable air of the world that was about him, his brilliant conversation and the prestige which attached to him owing to his having been to England. She could see that all her neighbours were jealous of her good fortune, and she wanted to spite them for their treatment of her family. And she saw that her parents were pleased, so, without taking counsel with her heart, without even thinking whether she loved him enough to be his wife, she consented to marry him, and they were engaged.

Now the pride and satisfaction of Mrs. Ramadas knew no bounds. She had got such a grand son-in-law or she would get him at all events; and she already imagined herself a great lady, trampling on the necks of her despisers. All the old friends of the family, however, and and in addition new acquaintances, had come to them, as if by magic, and they were so polite and gave so many plausible reasons for their late neglect that, in the simplicity of her heart, Mrs. Ramadas thought she would forgive them, only, of course, taking a little revenge at the beginning. Meanwhile she was continually in a flutter with happiness and excitement, thinking of the preparations she would be making for her daughter's wedding, which was to be in a few months.

But the poor private tutor, what had become of him? He had seen the end into which things were drifting, and though full of unhappiness and misery, he thought it better not to interfere and press his own suit. He knew it would be of no use. Mr. and Mrs. Ramadas would not think for a moment of accepting him for their son-in-law. He was a poor nobody and of course they expected better things for their brilliant daughter; and he knew she herself would not be so courageous, even if she loved him, as to face all the inconveniences of comparative poverty, and give up the brilliant life that seemed to be opening before her. But did she even love him?—asked the teacher of himself, with a bitter smile. "I am afraid she hates me, for I cannot help expressing my dislike of her frivolous behaviour. But I do love her, oh, how I love her. If only she would come to me, I would make her so happy. Her nature would lose all its vanity and her better qualities would assert themselves, and I would draw out all that was best in her, and—but what is the use of dreaming? It can never be, and I must go, for I cannot stay here to see her married." And, making some excuses, he gave up his employment, and having no relatives in that town, or indeed any where else, he left it and went to the town of R......, where he hoped to get some work and scrape enough money to live upon.

Meanwhile in P......all was excitement in Mrs. Ramadas' house. The wedding was approaching very near and all was being prepared for that grand event. But the daughter herself was feeling none of that happiness which her coming marriage ought to haven give her. Once he was engaged, Mr. Swamiar no longer exerted himself to please his affianced bride as he had done before that. He was already getting tired of her. She was losing her brightness, which had been the chief thing he had liked in her. But what was worse, he had never loved her truly. Besides in P......there were other girls just as good as Grace, or at least just as pretty, only he had made their acquaintance lately. Phœbe Paul, for example, was just as pretty and witty, and so was Mary Samuel, and he knew that if he married either of them he would receive a large dowry besides. Of course, they had not the voice Grace had, but of late it had seemed to him that Grace was singing very badly; and, for aught he could tell, she might even lose her voice: and then what good would she be to

him, thought the selfish man. He would be very unhappy with her and that would be the only result of their marriage. In fact, Mr. Swamiar was a very selfish man, a real man of the world. His chief creed was to gain pleasure for himself, no matter at what cost to others. Now that he had got tired of Grace's beauty and no longer loved her, he wanted to be rid of her. He never for a moment thought of the unhappiness he might be causing the poor girl. His only fear was lest anyone should think him dishonourable, if he broke the engagement; and the only remedy which appeared to him against this was to make Grace see that he no longer loved her, and thus cause her to take the initial step of breaking the engagement herself. Acting on this decision, therefore, Mr. Swamiar changed his manner towards the girl, and became cold and indifferent towards her, quite different from what he had been when he wooed her so ardently before their engagement.

But already Grace herself had begun to perceive her mistake. Now that the first glamour of his society was gone, she was beginning to see his selfishness and vanity, his self-confidence and scorn of those who were below him; and, in spite of her love of pleasure, she was not a bad girl at the bottom. Besides, some ugly rumours of her lover were beginning to come to her ears. She heard about his pride, and how he was always seeking the society of those above him and trying to gain their favour; and she even heard that he despised his old father and mother, who were not so polished in their manners as he was, never having been to England like him. She tried not to believe this last thing about him; but it was nevertheless true and her jealous neighbours did their best to din it into her ears. Mr. Swamiar's father and mother were not in P......, but they lived in a town not far away; and once she was told by some girls, of course in strictest confidence, that the parents had written to their son telling him that they would like to pay him a visit, but that he had point-blank refused their request and told them not to come to P...... Her whole soul revolted at such outrageous treatment, and she knew with a great pang at her heart, what a mistake she had made. One day she was brooding miserably over all this, blaming herself only for all this unhappiness, for she knew it was her pride and vanity that had been the cause of it all, when suddenly the thought came into her mind, "Oh, if he was only a least bit like Mr. Krishnaswamy, how happy I would be." She started at the thought and then grew pale at this casual remembrance of the tutor's name. After he had given up his appointment and left P......, she had missed him very much, though she had never acknowledged it to herself. But now she suddenly awakened to the great void that his absence had caused in her heart. She missed his silent presence, his strong character, the confidence which his very presence used to give, and she even missed the Latin lessons, which once she had hated so much. Slowly the consciousness came into her mind that she liked Mr. Krishnaswamy better than Mr. Swamiar. In fact, though she had not known it, she had all along liked the stern tutor. In spite of the fact that she felt uncomfortable in his presence, it was only when with him that she felt good, for it was only then that she felt the desire to be good. And now he was gone,—she thought, gone despising her. Of that she felt sure, for she had not forgotten the reproving looks that she used to get from him, though she never detected the love that lurked behind the reproach in it. So she thought day after day, till in the end she awakened to the consciousness that she loved her tutor and hated the other man, whom she was soon going to marry. "Oh, if only this engagement could be cancelled, how happy I would be," she would think, "for then I would be free." But the engagement was there, and she was not free, and never would be free all her life. Thinking thus day after day, Grace lost all the brightness and vivacity which used to be her chief attraction, and she even seemed to have lost all interest in her singing. She also perceived the change in Mr. Swamiar's manners and slowly a guilty hope came into her mind that, perhaps, he did not love her and would not care to marry her. If only that would happen, how happy she would be.

That did happen after all. The relations between Mr. Swamiar and his betrothed grew more and more strained day by day, and there were others besides themselves who perceived the change. At last, Grace, unable to bear it longer, blurted out that he liked her no longer and, perhaps, would not care to marry her.

"Oh no, Oh no," he said, "I like you just as much as ever, but why do you think that I do not?"

"Oh, your manner has changed," she answered. "I do not think you love me. Do you not think it would be better if you were not to marry me?"

"I suppose you do not want to marry me yourself, and that is why you bring this charge against me. When girls do anything wrong, I notice that they always put the fault on others. Ah! I see I am right," he added, noticing her guilty look. "You do not love me. I love you just as much as ever. But if you so wish it, for your sake—."

"You know that that is not the case," she broke in. "You know very well that you do not love me and would give anything to be rid of me. Why do you pretend that that is not so.

Let us break our engagement and have done with this farce."

He felt very much relieved, though his vanity was hurt a little by the thought that she no longer loved him. But he felt ashamed also, and to cover his shame hinted that it was all her fault, that he was a man of honour, &c., &c., but she never heeded his words and they broke their engagement. That night he wrote a letter to Mr. Ramadas and left the town, pretending to go on business to another place; and so he passed out of her life, though afterwards he did meet her once casually, when she was bright and happy again, and felt sorry for having given her up. But it was too late then, and he never met her again afterwards.

* * * *

The wrath and consternation of Mrs. Ramadas cannot be imagined when she knew what had taken place. She called her daughter and asked her why it was so and why Mr. Swamiar had left her. "He does not love me, and I do not love him," she answered, "and we broke our engagement."

"You do not love him! You ungrateful girl, when I had obtained such a husband for you. And it was all your fault that he did not love you. You have been so dull and uninteresting of late that it was no wonder he grew tired of you. This is your love for your parents, when they had taken such trouble with you!" and she broke into angry tears. But her father saw the pained look of the girl and, drawing her to his side, kissed her, and whispered in her ear:

"Never mind, Grace, do not mind her. She is excited and disappointed. You did right, my girl, if you did not love him. Your mother will see the truth presently."

Grace was very much hurt by her mother's words and by the unkind remarks of her neighbours, but she felt strangely relieved and in a measure happy. She felt that life was again before her, for her to retrieve her former foolishness. She felt very sorry for her mother and her disappointment, and she now perceived how hard-worked she was and determined to help her. So one day, while her mother was busy mending a heap of old clothes, she went to her quietly and said, "Mother, let me work a little. You look tired."

She had never done such a thing before, and her mother looked amazed; but, perceiving that the girl was in earnest and seeing how worn her face was, and repenting of the hard words she had been using to her of late, she drew the girl to her and said, "Forgive me, Grace, for what I said. You look very pale and ill, child. You lie down for a while and to-morrow you can help me." From that moment a close bond of sympathy was knit between mother and daughter, which was never broken afterwards. Grace learned to help her mother in her home-work and grew almost happy in her loving labour. She felt she had found what to do with her life at last. Her duty was to help others, and she sought opportunities for carrying out her object. But very often her heart was heavy at the thought of Mr. Krishnasawmy. She missed him so much and she wanted him to return. But where was he? No one knew where he had gone.

He, meanwhile, was in the town of R......, where he had gone to eke out a livelihood. But fortune blessed him beyond his expectations. Though his heart was hungering for Grace, he felt that it was not right on his part to be grieving over his sorrow. So he strengthened his heart by prayer to God, and gulping down his sorrow, applied himself to the teaching work he had found there. And, remembering his duty to his neighbours, and feeling his heart filled with love for them, he tried in every way to help them and to comfort the lot of the poor. He succeeded beyond his expectations, finding many friends among them. About this time also he began to write a book he had long been thinking of, and after a few months he finished it, and, not knowing whether it was good, he sent it to a friend, who returned it with a very flattering comment. He then sent it to the publishers and was paid very highly for his work, and thus he got some money. But the thought of Grace was always in his heart. He thought that she was married by this time and tried to stifle his own love for her, and at last argued himself into a fictitious belief that he had done so. "But," thought he, "I would like to see her again just once and then I shall forget her. And I would like to see my native country also, before I leave it for ever." With this thought in his mind he left for P......the same week. Arrived there, he was afraid to ask for a long time about the Ramadas' family, but at last he found courage to inquire about them from a very ol dfriend. There learnt all about Grace and the breaking of her engagement, and his heart bounded with joy and thankfulness. So she was free and he was free also. But then, what was the use of it all, at least to him? Grace would not care for him the least bit; and he fell into the old despondency. But he did not leave the town as yet. He lingered about, waiting to catch a glimpse of her, but afraid to go to see her. Perhaps she was very sorrowful and grieved very much for what had happened. And his heart sank at the thought of it.

One day he was walking in an old grove of trees at the end of the town. It was getting on towards evening, but the sun was still brilliant, and the light fell in golden patches on the

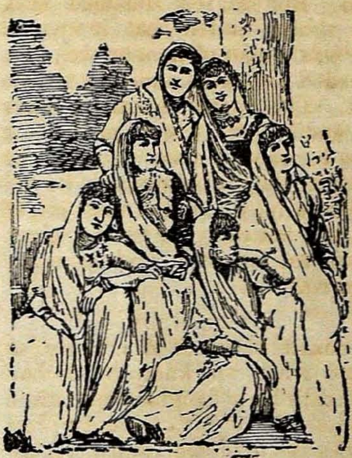
ground through the interlaced branches above his head. The trees were full of birds which had come to seek their nests, and the air was filled with their cries. But the evening was peaceful and calm. Through the intervals of the branches he could just catch glimpses of a bright sky over which the mantle of darkness was slowly spreading. The grove was long and curved, and he was walking from one end towards the middle. A calm peace stole into his mind, and he thought with a throb of thankfulness that his life was not over and done with yet. He had lost Grace, but he could do a great deal of work still. He would dedicate himself to God and to His service. While thus meditating, he suddenly espied a figure coming towards him, and he turned to go back with a feeling of anger at his solitude being thus invaded. But it was a woman's figure and looked familiar. He waited a moment with a thrill of hope in his heart. The woman came nearer. Yes, he was right, that was Grace; and he hesitated, not knowing whether to go on or return. Just then Grace caught sight of him, and uttering a sudden cry she almost tottered and then turned to go back. But he had seen the look of astonishment and joy on her face, and coming forward he took her hands between his, and that moment learnt from her face that she loved him, and she knew that he loved her. Their happiness and thankfulness knew no bounds. He told his story to her and she hers to him, how she had broken her engagement with Mr. Swamiar. He told her how brave her conduct was, and then he confessed what he had thought of her in the old days, how, in spite of his love for her, he was aware of her faults. "But now," he said, "the very knowledge of your faults makes you dearer to me. You are so different and yet so much like the old Grace that I am so happy, too happy almost."

By this time the moon had come and its silvery patches on the ground danced and moved with the soft shadows of the trees. The branches glistened in the mild radiant light and their beauty was almost unearthly. They turned to go out of the grove; but at this moment the bells of their church were heard ringing in the distance, and their sound came faintly, yet clearly in sweet and soft peals, through the clear air.

"Do you hear those bells, Grace," he said. "They are joy-bells ringing to bless and commemorate our union. How happy we are, dearest. But we will not keep our happiness to ourselves, will we? We will try to make others happy, too, and our lives will be blessed in the lives of others. We shall dedicate ourselves to God, and try to do only what is pleasing in His eyes. Will we not, Grace?" and she answered with a sob of joy,—

"Yes."

A Ladies' Gathering at Narsapur.



THE number of Indian Ladies that have received the benefits of western culture and western learning you can count on your fingers' ends. Fewer still are those with a heart to feel for the degraded condition of their sisters and a head to plan a scheme for the amelioration of their lot. The influence of the Zenana is too powerful for the Indian lady as yet to cast off the shackles of custom.

As a type of an educated Indian lady possessing such rare virtues, I may mention the name of Mrs. Roy, the wife of our worthy Sub-Collector. In the true sense of the term she stands head and shoulders over every other of her sex. A short time ago Mrs. Roy, inaugurated a scheme for the improvement of the women folk of Narsapur. The movement met with a ready response and there was a gathering of the ladies, which, in point of orderliness, moderation and manifestation of mutual sympathy, was perhaps unique.

The second gathering of the kind came off on the 28th instant in the spacious bungalow occupied by our Sub-Collector. The building was most tastefully decorated with flags, buntings and evergreens. Among those present, were Mrs. Gopal Rao, wife of the District Munsiff, Mrs. P. Venkata Ramiah Naidu, daughter of the Civil Apothecary, Mrs. Neelakantha Iyer, wife of the Executive Engineer, Mrs. Venkata Ratnam, wife of the Government Pleader, Mrs. Yegganna, Mrs. Seetapaty Rao, Mrs. Subba Rao, Mrs. Modaliyar, Mrs. Ramasawmy Iyer, Mrs. Williams and many others.

The scene was most picturesque. The ladies dressed in cloths of different colours and wearing ornaments of the latest Pondicherry pattern were surpassed only by the hostess who in her lace and diamonds appeared like a veritable queen; and one endowed with an historical imagination might not inappropriately have styled it the Twentieth Century Field of the Cloth of Gold.

The object of the meeting having been explained by Mrs. Roy, which was the improvement socially and intellectually of the ladies of Narsapur, the proceedings commenced with the reading of a paper by Mrs. D. K. Ramaswamy. After dwelling on the utility of such associations, the lecturer went on to describe in graphic detail the part which women play in moulding the character of their children. The duties which devolved upon the woman as a manager and steward in the house were next touched upon, as also the necessity for free air and exercise and attention to domestic sanitation and hygiene.

The Narsapur Ladies' Association was then formed and more than twenty-five ladies enlisted themselves as members. It was understood that Mrs. Roy, was to be President, Mrs. Gopal Rao, Vice-President, and Mrs. D. K. Ramaswamy, to be Secretary, though, owing to want of time, the formal election had to be put off for some time longer.

A Sastry then entertained the audience with the recital of the well-known story of Savitry, whose devotion to her husband through innumerable troubles and trials forms a thrilling episode in the great story of the Mahabharata.

After the distribution of *pan supari* and flowers, a most enjoyable function came to a close.

To say that the whole credit of organising the meeting and bringing it to a successful conclusion and of establishing a most useful association belongs to Mrs. Roy, would be but to convey a very inadequate idea of the immense debt of gratitude under which Mrs. Roy has laid the public of Narsapur, both European and Native. In an out-of-the-way station with little traffic and less life, that so much enthusiasm was infused among women who are conservative by nature and so unamenable to modern influences, is due to the exertions of Mrs. Roy. It is easy enough to applaud one's virtues; but it requires a keen sense of humour to appreciate them. That that most amiable of all women be long spared to carry on the noble work she had imposed upon herself was the heart-felt wish of everyone present at the meeting, a feeling which was given suitable expression to in the midst of cheers by one of the ladies, who was present at this remarkable gathering.

Twelve Heroines from Shakespeare.

A MALAYALAM BOOK FOR LADIES.

By Mr. T. Ramalingam Pillai, B.A.

THIS publication is a Malayalam work by Mr. T. Ramalingam Pillai, B.A., fashioned and based, mainly, as the author admits, on Mr. M. S. Purnalingam Pillai's work in Tamil, called "Panniru Penmanikal." Among others, "Shakespeare's Chart of Life," by Dr. Miller, and Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare" have also been consulted in the preparation of this work.

The work is primarily addressed to the Malayalam-speaking girls and is, therefore, dedicated, in the fitness of things, to her gracious Highness Setu Lakshmi Bayi, the present Senior Ranee of Travancore. The usefulness and the necessity of such a work have been amply made out by Mr. Raman Tampi, B.A., M.L., in the introduction he writes to it, while the fact that the work has undergone a careful revision at the hands of that eminent scholar, H. H. Kerala Varma Valia Koil Tampuram, C. S. I., is more than a sufficient guarantee for the purity and excellence of its style and language. Judging by one's own lights, one finds good reason to concur with pleasure in what Mr. Raman Tampi has to say about the book. The heroines selected are Cordelia, Lady Macbeth, Desdemona, Ophelia, Katherine, Imogen, Viola, Hermione, Rosalind, Helena, Isabella and Portia. But it is not a series of mere character-sketches, as we may be led to believe from the title of the book, that we meet with in the work; for, under each of the heroines, the author gives a summary of the respective play, with the heroine looming big, and winds the whole up with either Dr. Miller's Analysis of the particular character or the moral of the play considered. For a right understanding of any of Shakespeare's prominent characters such a method is simply commendable; for, in addition to the complex relations in which such characters appear, it is hard to believe, as the author correctly observes, that Shakespeare had no eye to any moral in his plays. Being intended for young people, one would have desired to see the stories at least some of them, somewhat enlarged to make them more attractive. And so I hope, I may justly complain of the author's process of crowding and condensation, in which a few

stories suffer to some extent, for example, Hamlet.

In the rear of the professed object of the book, which is being intended for the boys and girls of Malabar, seems to lie another aim, on which, as one interested in the improvement and enrichment of the Malayalam literature, I sincerely congratulate Mr. Ramalingam Pillai. Malayalam has soaked in much from Sanskrit language and literature, but towards English, especially English poetry, it does not evince the same absorptive power. The inherent difference between the two languages may go a great way to account for this state of affairs, but a good deal may be set down to other causes as well. For example, let us see what we have in Malayalam which gives an idea of Shakespeare's genius. True, we have a few of Shakespeare's Plays and Lamb's Tales translated into Malayalam, but many of them are still-born from the press, except where they are prescribed as text-books for examinations. I think that extreme closeness of translation prevents such works, laudable as they are in other respects, from being thoroughly understood and enjoyed by the non-English-knowing people of Malabar. Mr. Ramalingam Pillai's is a far different method. What he has done is this: After having mastered almost every piece of necessary information regarding each of the heroines, he gets the matter thus mastered, put in the shape of an elegant sketch; so much so, that the whole looks full of fresh and original composition. The work thus avoids the usual odium attaching to translations and consequently bids fair to succeed where other works with a similar purpose, but cast in a different mould, have admittedly failed. If imitation is the highest form of praise, I feel no manner of doubt that Mr. Pillai will meet with a good deal of it, by a number of similar productions in Malayalam, by other authors.

Yettumanoor Temple.

THIS is a very sacred temple, situated in the Yettumanoor taluq in North Travancore. Yettumanoor is otherwise called Harinapuram. In the very olden days this was Harinavanam. This place owes its origin to Chanda-Bhascara, a Raja of the Pandyan Dynasty. This Raja unknowingly killed a Brahmin who was walking along the road on a dark night and the ghost of the dead man troubled him and haunted him often. To save himself from the trouble, the Raja, with the advice of a Brahmin friend, named Haridethan, went to the great sage Agastya and represented to him all his grievances, and asked him to teach him a way by which he could be saved from the sin he had committed. After a few minutes' pause, the sage said "Oh! my son, hear me. In that well-known land called Kerala, there is a place called Harinavanam (Vanam means Forest). In the interior of this forest there is a tank, and on the bank of it, there lives Sri Narayana offering up his prayers and performing his daily poojas to the great God Sri Parameswara, who is well-known as the great destroyer of the Universe. Go to the place at once and worship them, and if they are pleased, you are sure to be saved. They alone can render you some assistance. So, try to please them." The Raja and his friend were much astonished at this unexpected news and asked the sage to tell them something regarding the place Harinavanam. The sage then said "Oh king! this is a secret that should not be revealed. It was told to the great sage Narada by his revered father Brahma, and Narada gave me some account of it which I shall tell you, if you will keep it secret." The Raja and his friend promised secrecy and the sage began.

"Oh, my sons! hear me. Many centuries ago there was some sort of misunderstanding between the great god Siva and the two other gods of the triad, Vishnu and Brahma. Owing to this misunderstanding Siva, who is all-powerful, extracted (without their knowledge) the power and strength of Vishnu and Brahma and with this made a Harinam, (Harinam—deer) and also a forest for it to live in. Then he took his weapon and dug a tank for the animal to drink water. This forest is the Harina-vanam or the forest of the deer. A few years after they were reconciled and the god Brahma one day came to Siva and said "Oh Swamin! We are now-a-days becoming weaker and weaker and we seem to lose our power and strength. Will your grace kindly suggest to us any remedy." The Lord Siva now began to pity them and said that it was on account of his wrath that it happened like that and he and only he could undo it and spoke to them like this: "When you walk a few miles from this place, you will find a great Hill. Climb over it and look towards the East. Then you will see a forest. Go on and look with a little more care. Then you will see in it a deer. It is mine. It was made by me with your strength. There is also a tank in the forest. Go near the tank and call the deer by your side and bring it up to my side, and then you will be all right." So said the Lord Siva.

Brahma at once walked off in search of Harinavanam and soon found it out and in it he saw the deer grazing near the tank dug up by Siva. He neared the animal and slowly caught it and took it up to Lord Siva who at once extracted the strength of the deer and gave it back to Brahma and Vishnu. Such in brief is the origin of the Harinavanam. This *Vanam* is converted into a *Puram* and Harinavanam has now become Harinapuram or Yettumanoor. Since this place is made by the great Sri Parameswara it is considered by the Hindus as a very sacred place. There are also other interesting stories told about this temple, and the following is one of them.

When Harinapuram or Yettumanoor was a great forest infested with all kinds of wild beasts, lions, tigers, leopards, elephants, etc., a great sage came to this forest. When he came near the tank which is made by Siva, he found certain signs to show that it was a very holy place. Then he wanted to find out what was there peculiar to the place and looked round the forest and to his astonishment he found the head of Siva with his *Jata* spread round the place. At once the Sanyasi prostrated himself before Siva and offered his prayers. Then he made a temple in the very place where he found the head of the Lord and consecrated Siva there. A few minutes after, the sage came out of the temple and found there *Vishnu Maya* outside. At once he made another temple and consecrated Vishnu there. These two temples are very sacred ones. The Lord Siva in the Yettumanoor temple is a very powerful god who can do wonders. And there is a belief that if any person pleases the god by offerings of money, jewels, etc., then he is sure to get what he prays for (of course, only if the prayer is a reasonable one). Very recently a book has been published in Malayalam about the origin, etc., of this temple, by Mr. Prabhakaran Pottie of Thazhavam Madom, the Thantri or head priest of this temple. The book contains a lot of useful information and is very interesting. Mr. Potti deserves much credit for having given to the public a very interesting and instructive account of this celebrated temple.

R. Kulathu Aiyar.

The Unrest in India—The Social Aspect.

The name that was first given to slight disturbances and ebullitions among the student populations in India is now becoming grimly significant. The signs of discontent and ill-feeling are showing themselves clearly and shaking us out of our lethargy. Is the movement, which was begun half in jest, really leading to serious disturbance? The social aspect of the question has always been of interest to me. How can we account for this feeling between the Europeans and the Indians? A few years back the question of social intercourse between English women and Indian women was taken up and discussed, but nothing much came of it. Socials are held twice or thrice in the year, and European ladies who are present congratulate themselves that they are becoming better friends with the Indian girls, because the latter is able to converse a little more fluently in English. But, is this social intercourse? At an 'At Home' one meets about 15 ladies in the space of half-an-hour and one passes on with a word about the weather, the current news, or with questions about family matters, so dear to a Hindu woman, and then we part to meet no more. Perhaps, even, if we pass each other in the street, we would not be able to recognise each other. Such gatherings are supposed to increase social intercourse, and the English ladies who give them, and the ladies who attend, are congratulated on their wide philanthropy. How about the real feeling between an English woman and myself? I do not know anything about her. I have heard that the English character is to be admired, but how can I judge of it? To me she seems only a lady of fashion and society. I hear of her as going to balls, dinners, concerts, and theatres. At four in the afternoon or thereabouts, I see her dressed becomingly, luxuriously driving in her well-appointed carriage to the Club or the Tennis Grounds or some pleasure resort. Has she any thought for the women of the land? Does she know anything of me? To her I am an unknown quantity, as she is to me. Outwardly, we admire each other. The fair sister from the West with her grace and her ease of manner, her freedom of movement, her repose and her energy, at once delight and

fascinate me. On her part, she admires my gay-coloured sari, my characteristic oriental manner and deportment. Such being the case, is it any wonder that we hear of the ill-feeling growing between the two peoples.

The Englishman in India is indifferent. He does not care to understand the people. He does not care to make a study of the people, with whom he has come to spend the best part of his life. He has come on his own particular business and into that he centres his energy. But, it is preposterous to think that one who works among an entirely foreign people should not in the least care to understand them. This is because there is nothing common between the two. Our caste customs and traditions are such that we cannot invite them to enter into them. They are too indifferent to ask us to enter their society. The men on both sides meet on entirely business relations and each is prejudiced against the other and eye each other with suspicion. The ruler thinks he has to deal with a teacherous, cunning, deceitful people, people who will cringe to you for favours, and those who have no self-respect and no strength of mind to stand up for their opinions. The ruled thinks that he is under a man, haughty of temper, one who looks down upon him with contempt, indifference and dislike and who, on the least provocation, will remove him from his employment and thus cast him adrift in life. The feeling between the two is even stronger on both sides and nothing is done to bridge the gulf. No sooner is the work of the day over, than each enters his own society and hears or sees nothing of the other till business throws them together again. In some cases, it is a case of misunderstanding, in others, it is a case of indifference, or not seeking to understand. There are no common planes on which we can meet. No popular games or sports draw the two together. No political movement makes them act in union, because once again the question of ruler and ruled comes up. No social functions smooth away the difficulties that beset us on both sides. And each people stands by itself, regarding the other with mistrust and suspicion. Both have sterling qualities, and both would fraternize, if only they knew each other. But the hands of friendship must be extended from the English side. The feeling against the Indian is such, that anything he does, however honest he may be, is regarded with suspicion, and besides he is in the difficult position of the ruled and he cannot move in the matter. It is the rulers that must change their opinions about the people among whom they have come to dwell. The Indians are civilized, educated, thinking, and a serious people; they have their faults as the other peoples have, but they are not faults that would call upon themselves the contempt and condemnation of foreigners. How can the gulf be bridged? It can only be done by the Englishmen and Englishwomen themselves, by their showing us that they regard us as persons with whom they can be real friends—not by patronizing us or by condescending to bestow their favour on us. In England we are taken for what we are worth, and every Indian that has been to England comes back with the most favourable impression of the English and has much to tell of their geniality, their hospitality, their kind and useful disposition and their warmth and friendliness of manner. To us here, they are but mere words. We do not know or understand the Englishman in India at all. And the same can be said of us. Even in India, I have read of noble men and women who have tried to make a friend of the people and both sides have been better for it. We can learn so much from them, specially we women; and yet, years, after as an Englishwoman looks back on her life in India I am sure she feels dissatisfied, if she thinks about it, at the little she has done for the women of the land. And does not our condition call for more sympathy? Take the ignorance and superstition among which we live. Take our crude customs and traditions. Take our want of social intercourse with each other. "Exactly," says the English girl,—"take all this into consideration and you will find that you have created such a strong barrier around you, that I cannot penetrate it."

Yes, this is true. Besides this, there is the language difficulty. Yet, if I persevere and my friend from across the water perseveres, we shall succeed. Now-a-days, Hindu girls are sent to school and by the time they leave it, they can speak some broken English. It is vain to attempt to know too many peoples at once. One should limit oneself to becoming thoroughly acquainted with one or two families. If frequent visits were made and encouraged, the feeling of strangeness would soon wear off. Now, as we meet once a year, or, perhaps, only for the first time, we have nothing to converse upon. My interests lie far away from hers. She has the art of making small conversation about the weather and the topics of the day, the former of which has no meaning for me, because it always is hot, and the latter of which I am not aware of, as I do not come in touch with the newspapers. Do you not think that among us there is great scope for kindliness and sympathy for English women? You, with your privileges, you, with your liberal and cultivated views, with your accomplishments, with your grace and ease of deportment, could you not spare us an hour or two every day to think about us and do something for us? Our hands are tied and bound. We cannot take the

initiation, but we shall follow, if you lead. Have you ever thought of the privileges that you enjoy and that are denied to us? Have you considered the opportunities that are passing, never to come back again. We are encased in ignorance. Stores of knowledge, books, pictures, great inventions, and discoveries, the current thought and the stirring life around us, are only so many names to us; if you but try, you will find us eager to learn. If the social feeling between the two peoples is improved, the disturbances arising from discontent and misunderstanding and from the knowledge that one is misunderstood and misjudged will quickly disappear, and all will be at peace again. That such a thing may happen soon is the wish of

A Daughter of the Land.

Our Needle Work Column.

HOME DRESSMAKING.

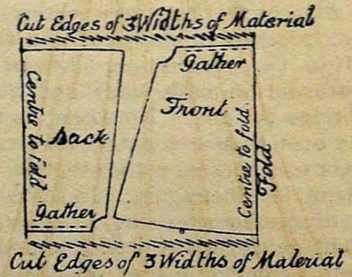
The sketch depicts a comfortable yoke night-dress, cut on very generous lines.

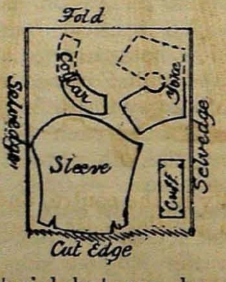
It is not a pattern for which any originality can be claimed, but, as I have always found the ordinary shapes—particularly with a square-cut yoke—are more popular than the more elaborate ones, I have preferred to introduce an old friend rather than a new one.

This model is especially well suited to flannel, flannelette, wincey, or nun's veiling, the two last-named being a much-liked medium between flannel and cotton goods, and both to be recommended from a wearing and washing point view. The only trimming in the sketch consists of fearther-stitching and narrow embroidery. The two diagrams show the method of obtaining the pattern from 36-inch goods, of which 5¾ yards will be required, the pattern, as I have said, being especially cut and intended for stout figures.

Diagram I. represents three widths of the material, the length of back and front seamed up and then folded in half, arranging it so that the centre back and front will each come to a fold, which will then bring a seam down the side of these portions. Place them as shown, and cut out, allowing a good inch for the hem, having first ascertained whether the length—48 inches—is quite right; but, if not, allow on the necessary amount before cutting off the strips. For the side-seams and top about three-eighths of an inch should suffice for turnings.

Diagram II. represents the remainder of the material opened out to its full width and folded in half, with the sleeve, cuff, collar, and yoke placed thereon. The wrap is not shown, as this is of single material, but can be cut from the strip remaining at the side of the collar.





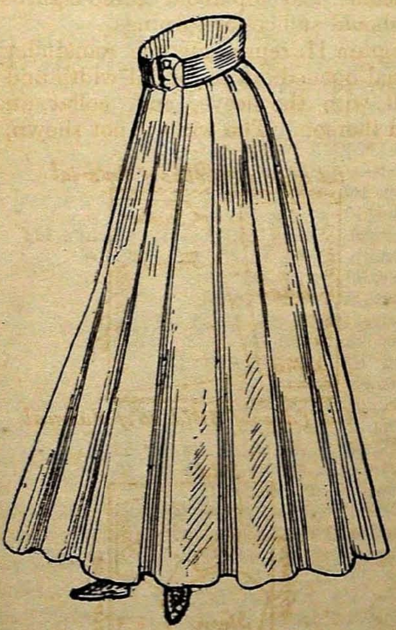
For these portions three-eighths of an inch turnings should suffice.

When the night-dress is cut out, join up the sides by a run and herring-bone seam, make an inch-wide hem at the lower edge, gather back and front, and secure between the edges of the yoke, as the various notches indicate, stich together, and finish off by feather-stitching.

Neaten left side of opening by a false hem, and sew the wrap to the right side, finishing this off neatly and firmly across the opening at the lower edge and all round with feather-stitching. Gather and sew the lace round the edge, make the button-holes as sketched, and sew the buttons on the left side to correspond. Make the collar, edging this with lace feather-stitching, then secure the neck by means of a band and fasten off neatly. Make the sleeves, gather, and secure into cuffs, which are trimmed to correspond with the collar; then gather and secure into the armholes, and finish off all quite neatly and firmly.

For my next sketch I have selected a skirt pattern—a pleated one this time—as quite plain affairs have been illustrated at various times in this column.

The model selected has the pleats somewhat far apart, as is popular just now, and is not too full to be practical at this season of wet and mud. In the front are two boxpleats with the edges



meeting exactly in the centre, and the pleats are stitched down a little more than the third of the length.

The foot-part is either hemmed up—allowing a good two inches for the purpose—or faced up with lining or material. The pleats meet in the centre back, where the placket-opening is arranged.

When making up this skirt, care must be taken to keep the pleats quite even, especially at the waist part, where they will require drawing in a little to give the necessary shape at the hips. This, however, is better done on the wearer, to get them to set well. Also see that they are well pressed.

About four yards of 44-inch goods are required. Paper patterns can be supplied, price $6\frac{1}{2}d$. When ordering, please quote number, enclose remittance and address to Miss Lisle, 8, La Belle Sauvage, London, E. C., who will also be pleased to receive suggestions and to illustrate designs that are likely to be of general use to the Home Dressmaker.

Our Cookery Column.

Cheese Fritters.—Whip up an egg to a stiff froth, add to this a little grated Parmesan cheese pepper and salt, and fry a small spoonful of it in a bath of fat; they swell in cooking. Several can be fried at the same time as long as they are not allowed to join. Serve very hot.

The best way to stew fruit is to make the syrup first and then add the fruit and boil all together. For a pint of water take a quarter of a pound of sugar, some lemon juice, and boil this together till they become a thick syrup, stirring all the time to prevent it burning, then add the fruit to this and boil till quite tender. This syrup is sufficient for a pound or pound and a half of fruit.

A French Way of Cooking Eggs.—Boil the required number of eggs for five minutes and put them quickly into some cold water. Then peel them very carefully, so as not to break the whites. Have ready a dish of nicely mashed potatoes and arrange the eggs in this. Pour over the whole a rich white sauce or a good gravy if preferred. This makes an excellent luncheon or supper dish.

A Good Cake.—Home-made cakes are so much nicer and more wholesome than the bought ones, but they require care in the making and the baking. The complaint so often made is that the cake is either heavy or burnt, and both these are done in the baking. The oven should be moderately hot and kept at an even temperature, and the door should not be opened constantly, only once or twice to see that the cake is cooking properly, and then the door must be opened and shut gently, not banged. Cakes of about one pound in weight take about an hour to cook. A knife is plunged quickly in the centre to see if it is cooked; if it comes out clean the cake is done. This should only be done twice, and the cake must not be moved about in the oven. When cooked, it is taken out of the tin and laid on the top to cool, and, must not be left in a draught or it will get heavy.

A useful cake for everyday use can be made in the following way. Take six ounces of butter to three-quarters of a pound of flour, six ounces of sugar, foure ounces of sultanas, and two eggs. Beat the butter and sugar together to a stiff froth, then add the flour—self-raising flour is the best to use—mix in the sultanas, and add the two eggs last, which must be well beaten first. If the cake is not quite wet enough, add a little water; milk is apt to make a cake heavy. Put it into a well-greased tin and stand on the top of the oven to rise for a quarter of an hour. It is best to place the cake-tin on the top of another to prevent it burning. Place in the oven and cook for about three quarters of an hour to an hour.

"NONA."

The "Shakespeare—Names" Prize Competition.

CORRECT LIST.

No name is repeated. All names are to be found in the list of *Dramatic Personæ.*

1 Ageon, 38, 50, 62, 75, 88
2 Abram, 29, 30, 43, 56, 45
3 Adam, 14, 13, 26, 27
4 Aneas, 38, 39, 28, 29, 16
5 Adrian, 14, 13, 25, 37, 38, 39
6 Adriana, 14, 13, 25, 37, 38, 39, 52
7 Ajax, 5, 18, 29, 40
8 Alexander, 14, 15, 28, 40, 52, 39, 51, 62, 49
9 Alexas, 14, 15, 28, 40, 52, 64
10 Alice, 26, 15, 4, 17, 28
11 Angelo, 38, 39, 50, 62, 73, 85
12 Angus, 38, 39, 50, 63, 64
13 Anne, 56, 69, 80, 92
14 Antiochus, 52, 53, 65, 76, 75, 86, 74, 63, 64
15 Antonio, 52, 53, 65, 77, 88, 76, 75
16 Antonius, 52, 53, 65, 77, 88, 76, 63, 64
17 Antony, 52, 53, 65, 77, 88, 99
18 Aumerle, 101, 100, 111, 98, 110, 109, 121
19 Ariel, 38, 49, 61, 62, 73
20 Bagot, 113, 101, 90, 77, 65
21 Banquo, 113, 101, 88, 89, 78, 77
22 Bassanio, 30, 29, 42, 41, 52, 53, 66, 77
23 Basset, 30, 29, 41, 42, 54, 65
24 Bardolph, 113, 101, 112, 123, 122, 133, 134, 135
25 Barnardine, 113, 101, 112, 125, 126, 127, 139, 140, 129, 117
26 Beatrice, 113, 114, 101, 102, 91, 79, 67, 54
27 Le Beau, 109, 98, 113, 114, 101, 100
28 Benedick, 113, 114, 125, 124, 123, 136, 137, 138
29 Bernardo, 113, 124, 112, 125, 126, 127, 115, 103
30 Bottom, 30, 19, 32, 44, 57, 45
31 Boy, 30, 19, 31
32 Boyet, 30, 19, 31, 20, 32
33 Brutus, 30, 43, 55, 44, 33, 46
34 Cade, 83, 84, 71, 72
35 Caliban, 8, 9, 10, 21, 34, 22, 11
36 Caius, 8, 9, 21, 33, 46
37 Cardinal, 137, 126, 127, 139, 140, 129, 142, 143
38 Cassio, 67, 56, 68, 81, 70, 57
39 Cassius, 67, 56, 68, 81, 70, 58, 46
40 Cato, 67, 56, 44, 57
41 Celia, 8, 20, 7, 6, 5
42 Cinna, 67, 79, 80, 69, 56
43 Cleon, 86, 73, 62, 75, 88
44 Corin, 104, 103, 91, 79, 80
45 Cressida, 104, 91, 92, 81, 82, 70, 71, 84
46 Cromwell, 104, 91, 103, 116, 105, 117, 106, 107
47 Curan, 67, 55, 43, 56, 69
48 Dancer, 139, 126, 125, 137, 124, 112
49 Decius, 71, 72, 59, 70, 58, 46
50 Desdemona, 130, 131, 119, 118, 117, 116, 128, 129, 142
51 Diana, 13, 1, 14, 2, 3
52 Dick, 123, 136, 137, 138
53 Diomedes, 139, 140, 128, 116, 117, 118, 131, 119
54 Dion, 71, 70, 57, 69
55 Ely, 95, 107, 96
56 Essex, 54, 42, 41, 28, 40
57 Edgar, 62, 51, 50, 38, 49
58 Egeus, 12, 23, 36, 48, 60
59 Eros, 131, 132, 120, 119
60 Fluellen, 108, 107, 94, 95, 106, 93, 92, 80
61 Ford, 108, 120, 132, 144
62 Gardener, 90, 101, 112, 123, 124, 125, 114, 127
63 Gardiner, 90, 101, 112, 123, 136, 125, 114, 127
64 Henry, 135, 124, 125, 112, 99
65 Herne, 135, 124, 112, 125, 114
66 Hero, 97, 98, 110, 122
67 Host, 74, 75, 64, 65
68 Hostess, 74, 75, 64, 65, 54, 42, 41
69 Iden, 136, 123, 124, 125
70 Lena, 15, 28, 39, 52
71 Leonardo, 73, 62, 75, 88, 101, 112, 123, 122
72 Leonato, 73, 62, 75, 88, 101, 102, 103
73 Luce, 93, 94, 83, 95
74 Lucio, 93, 94, 83, 70, 57
75 Lucius, 93, 94, 83, 70, 58, 46
76 Lucy, 93, 94, 83, 96
77 Lord, 109, 122, 110, 123
78 Man, 27, 26, 39
79 Mardian, 27, 26, 25, 13, 1, 14, 2
80 Maria, 27, 26, 25, 37, 38
81 Mariana, 27, 26, 25, 37, 38, 39, 52
82 Martius, 45, 56, 43, 32, 21, 33, 46
83 Menas, 27, 28, 39, 52, 41
84 Morgan, 116, 103, 91, 90, 101, 88
85 Nym, 88, 99, 111
86 Orlando, 120, 132, 143, 142, 129, 130, 141
87 Page, 35, 22, 23, 12
88 Phebe, 134, 135, 124, 113, 114
89 Quince, 89, 78, 79, 80, 67, 54
90 Regan, 24, 36, 23, 22, 11
91 Romeo, 91, 103, 116, 117, 128
92 Sands, 41, 52, 39, 51, 64
93 Satyrs, 68, 56, 44, 31, 43, 42
94 Scarus, 68, 67, 56, 43, 55, 42
95 Slender, 119, 106, 117, 129, 130, 131, 132
96 Sly, 119, 107, 96
97 Snare, 68, 69, 56, 43, 54
98 Sung, 68, 69, 58, 47
99 Son, 64, 77, 88
100 Toby, 32, 19, 30, 31
101 Tranio, 44, 43, 56, 69, 70, 57
102 Tressel, 32, 43, 54, 42, 41, 28, 15
103 Tubal, 32, 33, 34, 22, 10

The names of the successful competitors will be given in our June number.

New Prize Competition.

THE "CORRECT-PASSAGES" QUOTATION.

THE following passages are *incorrectly* quoted from well-known poems, written by poets now deceased. Mention the poem, its author, and give the correct quotation of each.

(1) "What thou art we know not.
What is most like to thee?
From rainy clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy prosence showers a flood of melody."

(2) "Till then, ye ancient warriors,
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name
When the stormy tempests blow."

(3) "Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands ....
Foot it neatly here and there
And sweet sprites the burden bear."

(4) "Earth has not anything to show more fair;
Dull would he be of soul who would pass by
A sight so touching in its majesy."

(5) "His house was known to all the vagrant train;
He chid their wandering, but relieved their pain.
The long-remembered beggar was a guest .....
Pleased with his guests, the good man seemed to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe."

(6) "There in thy scanty mantle clad
Thy snowy boson sunward prest,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the share upturns thy nest,
And low thou lies!"

(7) "If I am right, thy power impart,
Still in the right to say;
If I am wrong, then teach my heart
To find that better way."

(8) "When can their glory fade?
Oh, the grand charge they made
While everyone wondered."

(9) "Smack went the whip, round rolled the wheels,
Where never folk so glad,
The stones did rattle underneath
As if Cheapside were mad."

A prize of five rupees will be awarded to the most successful competitor.

Answers to be written on one side of paper only. Name and address to be written on top of each page. If more than one sheet is used, they must be fastened together. When possible lists should be numbered and in alphabeticial order.

*** No questions concerning the working of the competitions will be answered in the magazine, or by post, even if stamps be sent for that purpose. Should a greater number of competitors present equally correct answers, that shall be deemed most deserving whose MSS. is most clear, clean, plentiful and pleasing.

The last day for receiving the answers is June 20th 1908.

What has been done for and, by Indian Ladies.

A NEW HINDU GIRLS' SCHOOL.—The parties being all Hindoos, last Sunday evening was selected for the ceremony of opening a new Hindoo Girls' High School named after the donor, the late Mr. Chanda Ramji, in the presence of a large and influential gathering. Mr. Nanu Narayan Kothare, the surving executor of the late Mr. Chanda Ramji, said:

"It is with a feeling of unbounded joy that I rise this evening to accord you, ladies and gentlemen, a welcome to witness the pleasant function which has been my dream these several years. I cannot express in suitable terms what I feel to see my dream realised. For several years the want of a school in this *Urbs Prima in Indis,* where Hindu girls could receive education of a higher order meeting with the ordinary requirements of Hindu society has been engaging the attention of the leading members of the Hindu community. It was at one time thought to send round a circular inviting subscriptions to start a suitable institution to attain that object. But the succession of bad times came in the way of such a collection. In a happy moment, the idea of utilising the surplus of the charity, of which I am unfortunately now the sole surviving executor and trustee, towards forming a nucleus for such an institution, struck me. It would not be out of place to give a succinct history of the charity and its founder, my esteemed friend the late Mr. Chanda Ramji. This gentleman hailed from Kutch Khotara. When he first came to Bombay he was a very poor man, but by dint of labour and by what we call in Marathi "danot" (liberality) he prospered and left behind him about nine lakhs of rupees. He was a devout worshipper of his family god Thakurji, to whom he bequeathed the whole of his estate. Although an orthodox Hindu, he was an admirer of female education and he had a great desire to educate his wife the late Bai Sakarbai. Had both of them been spared long we would have had an accomplished and well educated Lohana lady amongst us. But God willed it otherwise, and Chanda Ramji was taken away in the prime of his life. Finding that there was a large surplus

left, after carrying out the trusts directed by Chanda's will in their entirety, available for other charitable objects, I moved the High Court of Judicature for the application of the *cy pres* doctrine and the learned Judge sitting in Chambers, after hearing the Hon'ble the Advocate General, decreed that it was an appropriate case for the application of that doctrine and *inter alia* sanctioned the setting apart of a sum not exceeding three and a half lakhs of rupees for the starting of a Hindu Girls' High School to be named after the illustrious testator Chanda Ramji."

Mrs. Ramabai Ranade then opened the lock on the building with a silver key, and declared the school open. She made a few remarks, urging upon the audience the necessity of spreading female education among the community.

Bravery of a Lady.—A Rawalpindi telegram to a local contemporary, dated the 8th instant states :—News has reached Pindi from Peshwar of a most daring encounter with Pathans and a Bengalee lady. Srijut Jadabindu Bhattacharji, clerk, Supply and Transport Office, who resides there in the Cantonment, went to the office on Saturday last leaving alone his young wife and child. Some Pathans or Afridis, whoever they might be, got scent and thought it suitable to commit burglary in broad day light. It was about mid-day when two or three of them came and knocked at the door. The poor lady, thinking the servant had come, came down and opened the door. The ruffians at once rushed in and dragged her upstairs where they forced her to tell them where the valuables were kept. Hard conflict and struggle ensued bringing on her body a few wounds and scratches of a dagger. She, however, somehow outwitted those rogues and making herself free from their clutches ran to the verandah from where she cried aloud for help at the highest pitch of her voice. Her screams and wailings fortunately attracted the attention of some of her neighbours and shopkeepers, who arrived at a very opportune time thus saving her from being murdered. The ruffians seeing the false plight they were in, bolted and made for the door where they were caught by those that had come there for her help. They are now in police custody and await trial. It is hoped that in this instance they will not be allowed to go scot free on security of their word of honour which had on a previous occasion served them as a charter. The lady, it is told, has survived her wounds and is doing better. It fully establishes the fact that Pax Britannica is indeed prevailing in the Punjab and the frontier.

A large gathering of Hindu ladies and gentlemen, of all sections of the community, assembled on Sunday evening last in the open space attached to the building which has been purchased for the Chanda Ramji Hindu Girls' High School, at the invitation of Mr. Nanu Narayan Kothare, to witness the opening ceremony of the School, which was performed most appropriately by Mrs. Ramabai Ranade. Mr. Kothare, in a brief address, stated the circumstances under which he, as the surviving executor of the estate of the late Chanda Ramji, was enabled to devote a portion of the surplus funds to the founding of a Hindu Girls' High School, which, he said, was the dream of his life. The late Mr. Chanda Ramji was a great believer in the education of women and had taken special pains to impart education to his own wife who, had she lived, would have been a prominent educated Indian lady in Bombay. Mr. Kothare's address will be printed in the next issue of this journal. He announced that his wife, Mrs. Kothare, had given rupees two thousand to the funds of the school to be used in such manner as the Managing Committee thought fit. We print to-day a translation of the speech which Mrs. Ranade made on the occasion. It was listened to with deep interest by the audience. At the conclusion of the speech, Mr. Kothare mentioned that an anonymous donor had given rupees one thousand and one to found a scholarship in memory of the opening of the School by Mrs. Ranade.

The All Bengal Ladies' Congress.—We have noted from time to time the signs of advancement made by Indian ladies. It is a happy news to learn that side by side with all kinds of progress in the country the cause of Indian women has begun to show healthy symptons of active vitality in public life. The ladies' gatherings conducted by ladies, independent of outside help during the last anniversary of the Kangri Gurukula was one of the remarkable features of the occasion. We are sorry we are unable to give any report of the meetings which were held by ladies. The *Stribodh* Jubilee which was held a few days back in Bombay was a grand movement signifying the advancement of Indian women. The latest development in the sphere of women's progress in India is a proposal for holding a Congress of ladies to be held in Calcutta.

We learn that lady delegates from all parts of Bengal will take part in the Congress which will sit under a great pandal into which a select number of male speakers will be allowed by cards alone. The Congress will be conducted in Bengali and subjects concerning the Swedeshi movement, female education and *Purdah* system and so forth will be discussed by the ladies. The Congress will be known as "The All Bengal

Ladies' Congress." It is an admitted fact that no cause in any country can flourish so long as women do not patronise it. Whatever success the *Swedeshi* movement has attained in Bengal is due to a great extent to the sympathy of the Bengali ladies. Now that ladies are coming forward to take active part in the welfare of the country, it is expected that India will soon cease to be a land of perpetual sufferings and miseries, as unfortunately she is now.

EDUCATION OF WIDOW PUPILS IN THE MYSORE STATE.—The *Indian Magazine* and *Review* observes:—The latest report to hand of the education of widow pupils in the Mysore State, under the patronage of the Devaraj Bahadur Charity Education Fund, is both interesting and encouraging. The fact that one hundred and fifteen widow pupils are now being educated annually shows that a large number of families appreciate the advantages available. Mysore is leading the way in the education of widows, in training them as school mistresses and nurses. Only those who know the prejudice that exists against the employment of women can realise the revolution that is thus quietly but surely taking place.

ISABELLA THOBURN COLLEGE, ANNUAL CLASS DAY.—A large and representative audience was present at the annual "Class Day" exercises of the Isabella Thoburn College and Normal School yesterday afternoon. Mr. C. F. de la Fosse, M.A., Director of Public Instruction, presided. The large hall was beautifully decorated with vines and flowers, with a bank of brilliant annuals in bloom before the platform. Twenty-nine of the College and Normal School students took part in the exercises. Their Greek gowns of white, crossed with gold bands, were an effective contrast to the academic caps and gowns worn by the Faculty.

The exercises opened with an anthem, "Holy Art Thou," followed by the invocation by the Rev. L. A. Core. One of the most attractive parts of the programme was the presentation of the Trial scene from "The Merchant of Venice," given by seven students. The parts were well taken, and the interpretation of the scene showed fine literary appreciation. An interesting scientific demonstration, "Analysis of Ammonia," was given by Misses Gladys Blair and Gladys Marchant, one setting up the apparatus for the experiment while the other gave the explanation. An essay, "Horace, the Man and the Poet," by Miss Nellie Ward, was a charming presentation of the subject. The work of the department of physical culture was well represented by a very pretty and effective club drill. The musical numbers of the programme were "The Gondolier's Song," sung in three parts, and a chorus "Joys of Spring," which were given with fine artistic effect. A playful turn was given to the exercises by the "Lantern ceremony," when the outgoing students presented those of the first and third year with dainty-coloured lanterns to light them on the path of knowledge, accompanied with patronizing advice, to which one of the recipients made a spirited response in behalf of her class-mates. The second and fourth year students afterwards planted a palm in the College quadrangle as a memorial of the day's events.

The following is an extract from the report of the Principal, Miss F. L. Nichols, read on this occassion:—

"If we judge the last year by the results of the Government examinations, I should have to say that it has not been as prosperous a college year as usual. But judged by the daily work of the classes, by the discipline and spirit of the students and by the enthusiasm for earnest work, I think there has never been a better year in the history of the College. The enrolment in the College is 21, in the Normal School 20. There is a slight increase in the College attendance, but the attendance of the Normal School has doubled. In time, we hope to add the "Licentiate of Teaching" course to the Normal School, that graduates may have a suitable training course. The usual supplementary work has been carried on during the year in the form of lectures. We are very grateful to Mr. B. Aitken, to Mrs B. T. Badley, and to Mr. G. T. Henry, of the Reid Christian College, for the interesting lectures given on Friday evenings. Other supplementary work has been done in the form of recitals, and special essay-writing in competition for the Bilgrami prizes. A special grant of Rs. 450 has just been given by Government for books and apparatus for the Normal School, and Rs. 500 for the Science department of the High School. The number and value of the scholarships given to the Normal School have also been increased, and, as a consequence, a large number of students and teachers are applying for admission. The College is beginning to extend its influence to the Hindu and Mahomedan girls and women; several girls will be admitted into the Christian hostels next year, with special arrangements for food, and a year from July we expect to open Hindu and Mahomedan hostels. It is hoped that another Class Day there will be a gallery in this hall built especially for *purdanashin* ladies. The College authorities are anxious that the graduates should fit themselves for teaching in their Alma Mater, but for certain positions, training abroad is necessary. It is hoped that the Government of these Provinces may follow the lead of Bengal and other provinces in granting foreign scholarships to girls."

The address of the President, Mr. De la Fosse, was as follows:

"It is a distinct pleasure to be present at these "Class Day" Exercises and to congratulate the College on the delightful and interesting programme of this occasion. I have been present a number of times in previous years, but I am sure that this is the most successful and enjoyable programme which has yet been given here. I am glad of this opportunity to pay my tribute to the excellent work done by this institutiion. Having been appointed lately to investigate closely the management and organization of this College, I cannot but remember how deeply I was impressed with the amount of arduous labour and painstaking devotion which made possible the results that we see here. I think that the thing with which I am most impressed is the good fellowship that exists between all the members of the College, where we see so many races and classes represented. There can be no greater evidence of the success of the work done here than the fact that it has led Hindu and Mahomedan girls to desire an education, and in this line we wish it all possible success.

"With regard to the Principal's report, I most heartily agree with Miss Nichols in her opinion that the failures that have occurred in the public examinations this year are no cause for repining. It is not nearly so important that students should gain academic honours as that they should receive the training, discipline, and real culture that come with true education. I am not certain how serious a failure in the public examinations may be in the case of girl students. To boys, it means an enormous handicap in the race of life. I think that we do not always sufficiently sympathize with that great class to which most of us belong,—the men of average ability. But I am convinced that much can be done by educational institutions to fit men and women for usefulness along other lines than those of the college or university course. Germany, the country from which most of our educational ideas have come, has been first to show the value of scientific training in domestic economy, and America is not far behind. England, as usual, is making progress in her slow, but commonsense way. I can think of no better field than this for new enterprise in women's education in this part of India. The widespread introduction of this form of education would go far to arrest social decay, the evil which is so seriously threatening some countries of Europe. May we not hope that this College, which has been so long for these Provinces a beacon-light in female education, will act as the pioneer in this field? If the faculty of this institution should see their way to opening a department of domestic science here, I can promise to use my influence to help the work in every way.

I fear that I have strayed somewhat from my purpose, which was to do honour to the Isabella Thoburn College. As an old friend of the institution, it is a p easure to have this opportunity to state that I have been amazed to see with what slender resources it maintains its high standard of scholarship unimpaired, and launches forth into new lines of educational work. The loyalty and devotion of the staff are beyond praise, and it is but fitting that on an occasion like this they should receive public recognition."

Mr. De la Fosse then presented the Bilgrami prizes, explaining the terms on which they were given, by saying:—

"An Indian gentleman of distinguished position, himself an accomplished scholar, the Hon. Syed Husain Bilgrami, has shown his interest in the cause of education for Indian women in a peculiarly graceful and appropriate manner by the offer of a prize of Rs. 100 for the best essay written by a student of this College. As the Principal has stated, in her report, two of the essays offered in competition were so nearly equal in merit that, with the consent of Mr. Bilgrami, the prize has been equally divided between the two writers I have great pleasure in presenting these prizes to Miss Vidyavati Singh (second year) for an essay on "Moral Ideas in Tennyson's Idylls of the King," and to Miss Constance Maya Das (fourth year) for an essay on "The Women of George Eliot's Novels."

The annual meeting of the Board of Governors of the Isabella Thoburn College was also held yesterday. The members present were: Rala Sir Harnam Singh, Mr. L. T. Ingram, Mr. Matt, B. Cameron, M. A. Rev. J. W. Robinson, Rev. C. L. Bare, M A., Miss Lilavati Singh, and Rev. L. A. Core. The annual report of the Principal was accepted, and the Board recommended that, inasmuch as the current expenses of the College were for the first time in arrears this year, and, as this deficit was caused chiefly by the high prices of food, application should be made to the local authorities for help from the famine relief fund. The Board also undertook to represent to the Missionary Society in America the urgent and immediate need of a new school-house, and to present the desirability of acquiring suitable property for a non-Christian hostel.

The College entertained the members of the Board of Governors and other friends at dinner, which was followed by a reception to the second and fourth year students of the College.

WOMEN IN ENGLAND AND INDIA.

We doubt not that many of the more conservative members of our society have shaken

their heads gravely over the doings of those women in England who are described as 'suffragettes,' and have regarded their crazy and unwomanly behaviour as the natural outcome of the movement and progress of female education. And the conclusion to which they are not unlikely to have come is this—the purdah may have its drawbacks, but after all it is better to have our women contracted in their outlook than to put them through a course of education which may eventually lead them to become the kind of women which female emancipation seems to have produced in England. We own that the conclusion, though a very mistaken one, is not without justification. Anything more abhorrent to the Indian mind than the behaviour of these female agitators for political power we can hardly conceive, or indeed any thing more unlike what we should have expected from English women. But there it is—the illustrated papers have depicted them struggling in the grip of stalwart policemen, besieging the private life of cabinet ministers, interrupting public political meetings until they were forcibly and ignominiously ejected. The daily press has also devoted a considerable amount of space to their doings, and these doings are of such a character that it has been hard to realise that those who took part in them were women at all. How has it come to pass? Is the inevitable effect of education on woman such that it unsexes them? Or is it that the kind of education which is given them in England is wrong? If that be so the wrong kind of education does not preclude us from finding the right. But let us consider the state of things in England as compared with that in India. In England there is a very considerable majority of women over men. We have not got the exact figures at hand, but we believe that we are right in saying that the women are in excess by from a million and a half to two millions, and this in a population of almost one-tenth of that of India. It follows, of course, that in a country where monogamy is strictly enforced, a large number of women cannot look forward to marriage. If every man in the country were to marry there would not be husbands enough to go round, but in England a fair number of men do not marry. This means that women must receive an education which will enable them to support themselves should marriage not fall to their lot. But then as it is not known which of them will marry and which will not, the education system has to be framed so as to prepare them all for the task of self-support should it be necessary. It is to be remembered that there is no joint-family system in England, for the individual independence of the English character makes it unworkable. Any woman whose family is not well off may have to support herself, or even if this is really unnecessary she will probably prefer to do so. The result of all this has been that women have had to equip themselves to compete with men and they seem to have done so with some success. There are, for instance, women doctors, with an extent of practice which many a man doctor may envy. But all this brings about another result: the women have become both rate-payers and tax-payers, and it has become a maxim of the British Constitution that representation goes with taxation, that he who pays the piper shall have a voice in calling for the tune. Now, strangely and illogically enough, the principle, is recognised in the case of rates: those women who are rate-payers vote in all matters of local self-government. They vote in the election of County Councils, Borough Councils, Guardians of the Poor, and so on; they have a very considerable hand in educational affairs. But when it came to the parliamentary vote the fact that women pay taxes as well as rates has been overlooked: a woman's income is just as subject to income-tax as a man's; the man doctor has a vote, but the woman doctor has none. Apparently the women who were discontented enough to want a vote have for sometime been asking for the grievance to be remedied: they have been asking quietly and demurely, as women should. But Governments are busy, and they have many applicants for reform knocking at their doors, and so the discontented woman's gentle knock was unheard. And then they said to themselves —"It is only those who make themselves a nuisance who get what they want, so a nuisance will we make of ourselves." And a nuisance indeed they have made themselves, a very vulgar nuisance too,—and this surprises us. After all they need not have forgotten that they were women, and they do seem to have forgotten it very effectually.

We have told this long tale of the development of the 'suffragette' movement in order to point out how entirely our circumstances and conditions differ from those in England. In the first place women are in an actual minority in India, and everyone of them can consequently look forward to marriage; there is never any question nor could there ever be any question, of their having to support themselves. We sometimes wonder why it is that the fathers of daughters do not succeed in getting the marriage custom of paying a dowry inverted: for after all they hold the trump card. The sons must get married and the daughters being less in number, families with daughters are those which can make the terms, and insist on receiving the dowry. But however this may be, women in India will, we believe, never have to be educated with a view to their earning their own living. Their education, then, may be framed with the one supreme object of

making them better women, better wives, and better mothers. The suffragette is the product of the struggle to exist in England: there will be no such struggle in India, for the wife and the daughter share the fortunes of the household, whatever they may be, and practically the only career open to the Indian woman is that of wife. And as for politics, the educated men are so far away from getting the votes for themselves that the idea that women in India could ever imagine any such power being lodged in their hands is but the vainest of dreams. Education need never make a woman less womanly, but it must be education of the right sort. We do want our women to know what sort of a world it is to live in and something of its history: we want them to be able to read for themselves the nobler thoughts of others, and to have wider and bigger aims and hopes in the education of their children. All this a wise education can give them, and so we trust that none of our countrymen will suppose that it is education proper which has produced the piteous spectacle which has been depicted in the English papers of women flinging themselves at policemen and cabinet ministers and disturbing courts: it is not education so much as education directed to the object of enabling women to compete with men. We do not want that kind of education for our girls; and we must do our best so to influence the kind of education which is given them that though they may become enlightened and broad-minded women they may not cease to be womanly women.

THE CHANDA RAMJI HINDU GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL.

Opening Speech by Mrs. Ramabai Ranade.

(Specially translated from Mahrati by Mr. D. G. Dalvi, M.A., LL.B.)

Presiding at the opening ceremony of the above school, Mrs. Ramabai Ranade spoke as follows:

Ladies and Gentlemen,

We are extremely delighted to-day at the happy event of opening an independent High School for Hindu Girls in this city of Bombay through the grace of Providence. The want of such an institution for imparting higher education to our daughters and daughters-in-law was intensely felt during the last fifteen or twenty years by our leading ladies and gentlemen. But adequate efforts could not be made for the purpose owing to the pressure of other business and various other difficulties. But the want has now been satisfied by the generosity of a great philanthropist and the efforts of Mr. Nanu Narayan Kothare. The munificence of our Guzerati friends is well-known. The late Thakkar Chanda Ramji made a voluntary donation of a large amount in keeping with this trait of Guzerati character; the gentleman in whom the late Mr. Chanda Ramji put his confidence has proved to-day that his trust was placed in one fully worthy of the same. It is an universal belief that no charity is so deserved as when it is directed for the spread of knowledge. What charty can be more deserved than one which is devoted for placing the benefit of learning within the reach of the future wives and mothers? We cannot adequately thank the gentleman who was instrumental in perpetuating the memory of his friend in this manner.

The Special Need.

Why is it that we belaud the present insitution when in this city there exist other schools for girls? The reason is obvious. It is true that the present system of female education is useful for those fortunate girls who can go up to a college for receiving higher education. The number of such girls in our present society is very small indeed! Most of the girls in Hindu society are married at the age of 13 or 14 and the responsibility of maternity, the loving duty of married life, is cast upon them at the age of 16 or 17. Consequently our girls can obtain education up to this age. No practical advantage can be gained by devoting this limited period in the graduated course leading to the Entrance Examination. They need education such as will be of use to them in actual life. Such complaint is heard from all sides and is based on sound reason.

Our friends in Poona were much delighted to hear last year that this school was coming into existence. It was a common topic of discussion in the weekly gatherings on Saturdays which meet in my house, and we had resolved to send a memorial requesting that this want in female education should be soon satisfied. Some of us had prepared a statement of our views containing useful suggestions. But the request was considered superfluous when we learnt that the desired institution was soon to be started, and I believe that a similar opinion prevails in other places in the matter.

I was much satisfied to read the small pamphlet published recently containing the principal features of the working of this institution. It is but meet that a nice garden should be planted when an independent building for the school is ready. It would be a great advantage in a place like Bombay if girls could play and freely exchange their views with their equals in open air in the vicinity of trees and creepers. The curriculum of studies laid down is well thought out. To acquaint our girls with the literature in the English, Marathi or Guzerati languages would

open to them a source of great happiness. How many beautiful pictures can the girl conjure up in her mind who has tasted the sweets of real poetry whether in prose or verse! Even a greater advantage of the study of literature is to acquaint us with the meaning and end of life, and of the ways of life and thought of those who reach the perfection of their lives. Similarly, it is indeed an advantage to be able to write. But it is also the means of giving embodiment to our thoughts and feelings. How important it is to be familiar with arithmetic, account, domestic hygiene, to cut and sew ordinary clothes, to cook ordinary food as well as rich viands, and to sing in order to preserve a joyful mood, by training a little the naturally beautiful voice of girls. It is satisfactory to view the educational system even in this broad aspect. But there is another aspect which has satisfied me more than any other and I shall close my remarks by referring to it briefly.

THE NEW SPIRIT.

It is this. The subjects for instruction must be determined with a view to develope the new spirit which has grown in us in this century. The idea that India is one country, and that every Hindu lady and gentleman have some duty towards the motherland, is new to us and must be duly nurtured. The absence of this spirit is the principal cause of our national decay. Our religion is very sublime. It has taught us to see God in the entire Universe, to feel the presence of Providence in the activity of man and Nature, and to rejoice in the joy born of such belief, to resign our life and conduct to God, such is the teaching of our religion, at any rate, of our Bhagwat Religion. Our religion teaches us to scorn delight, to be undaunted by misery, and to act according to the duty inspired by God, why is it then that our country is so fallen? The explanation is that we were so long strangers to the feeling that India is our mortherland and it is our duty to serve her. I have often heard my dear departed husband often saying that he would gladly bear the burden of many lives were it for the service of his country. This spirit is new in the land and is created by Western education. It was natural that duty and love was confined within the narrow limits of our castes, engendered by hereditary professions while we were ingorant of the people, history, religion and customs of other countries. When shall we learn to believe that we are one in spirit though there may be slight differences in the customs of different districts and provinces, that we are made of the same flesh and blood, inheriting the same religion and history, and that the characters of the Ramayan so sacred to us are common to us all? When we turned to other countries, and saw the differences between them and ourselves, this feeling of unity dawned upon us as the result of Western education.

Though the spirit that we are children of the same land and that the fulfilment of life consists in serving her, is born, how is it that it is not yet reflected in our conduct? The reason is that it remains only in the region of thought and does not yet become an impulse to action. We have not taken the new spirit with our mother's milk. The impressions formed in infancy over the mind are very deep. Education imparted in later life does not become such a direct spring of action as that given during infancy. Therefore if patriotism is to be the guiding impulse deeply imbedded in the heart, then it must be first generated in the heart of the mother. Therefore the knowledge of the history and geography of our country as well as other countries is needed for our women. A general but accurate acquaintance is necessary for them with the rivers, hills, and dales and how they are formed in the earth which we inhabit with the birds, beasts and the denizens of the oceans, and with the sun, the moon, the stars and the planetary system. They can thus appreciate the wisdom of providence and beauty of nature; ignorance is dispelled, the mind is broadened, and faith in God becomes firm. I believe all of you will perceive that the curriculum prescribed by the managing committee is eminently fitted to carry out this purpose, and our thanks are due to them for the same.

It is necessary to refer to one other circumstance here. Some European ladies are willing to form acquaintances with Hindu ladies to promote intercourse and friendship with them. Among those who are working with this object, the name of Mrs. Muir Mackenzie deserves to be mentioned prominently. She has started a club in Poona for ladies of all castes and creeds. Her laudable endeavour is to bring all ladies together so that they may mix freely and form friendships. The best way of utilising this effort of ladies like Mrs. Muir Mackenzie is to request them to deliver lectures in a school like this on such subjects as will create a taste for poetry, science or history or in the philanthropic work and life of celebrated women from England and other countries. I was much pleased to see such provision being made in the scheme of the school. I shall bring my remarks to a close after gratefully referring to the name of Thakkar Chanda Ramji once more, and thanking Mr. Kothare and other gentlemen of the committee, and after offering a humble prayer to the Almighty that the girls trained in this school may become the mothers of heroes and patriots. (Loud cheers.)

News and Notes.

THE RAMABAI ASSOCIATION.—The annual meeting of the American Ramabai Association was held in Boston on March 23. Rev. D. D. Addison, D.D., of Brookline presided.

Miss Clementina Butler, chairman of the executive committee, visited Sharada Sadan and Mukti last year, and she related at the meeting what she had seen with her own eyes. She told of the 1,500 girls being cared for in the rows of long, low stone buildings which make, not a hive, but a home of industry. It was first intended to have only high-caste girls there, especially child widows, but the need among other classes is pressing, and the doors are now open to all who apply. Ramabai commands the respect of the world, said Miss Butler, as well as the devoted love of these girls. She referred to the comments she had heard the moment she landed in India as to the numbers of suicides among the pupils. She investigated with care, and found that two of the 1,500 had taken their own lives, but in no way could the action be traced to fault in the school. Not only has the founder accomplished great things, but she has taught the Hindus much in the way of more sanitary living. The school has abundant room for outdoor pastimes. Specimens of woven garments and rugs were shown; also pictures giving an idea of customs which are largely responsible for the condition of women in India.

American, English and Swedish physicians minister to the pupils. Ramabai herself still holds to the faith cure, but she does not insist upon it for others. The plague that swept the country last year did not get through the confines of these schools, which is ample proof that the sanitary conditions are good. Miss Butler showed a rude little cart, almost like a toy, that is dragged through the streets in stricken villages by a priest to appease the wrath of the goddess of the plague, to whom are offered bangles, bottles of oil, etc. This cart is followed by crowds, who run to the next settlement, leave it and run back home.

Mrs. Judith W. Andrews sat beside Dr. Addison all through the meeting, thinking, doubtless, of the early days of the undertaking, and of her own visit to India in 1893. Although unable to hear a word of what was said, she took pleasure in watching the faces of those who followed Miss Butler's story with rapt attention, and when Dr. Addison said a Ramabai meeting would be sadly incomplete without a word from this dear friend, she spoke briefly of the advance in educational methods in that country during the past twenty years. She quoted from a noted educator of Bombay, who calls Ramabai not only the most remarkable woman in that country, but one of the leaders in the world. Dr. Addison added his word of warm approval. He spoke of Lucy Larcom, who first called his attention to the rescue of child-widows, and of the later commendation by Phillips Brooks, and said that if those two noble souls trusted Ramabai, no one should hesitate to have faith in her.

A letter from Manoramabai, her daughter, was read, also various reports telling what has been done during the year. The treasurer showed the receipts as $ 6500; the expenses $ 4700, and the balance $ 1800.

The following officers were elected:

President—Rev. Charles Cuthbert Hall, D.D., New York.

Vice-Presidents—Rev. Lyman Abbott, D.D., Rev. D. D. Addison, D.D., Rev. George A. Gordon, D.D., Rev. Alexander Mann, D.D., Augustus H. Strong, D.D., Edward H. Clement, Mrs. Judith W. Andrews.

Treasurer—Curtis Chipman.

Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. S. B. Capron.

Recording Secretary—Miss Alice H. Baldwin.

Managers—Rev. Charles G. Ames, Clarence John Blake, M.D., Miss Clementina Butler, Miss Anna H. Chace, Mrs. Joseph Cook, Rev. Edward Cummings, George H. Davenport, Mrs. Susan S. Fessenden, Miss Antoinette P. Granger, Rev. Robert A. Hume, D.D. (Ahmednagar, India), Mrs. David P. Kimball, Miss Kate G. Lamson, Mrs. James E. Mills, Mrs. Henry W. Montague, Mrs. Henry W. Peabody, Mrs. Arthur Perry, Julia Morton Plummer, M.D., Miss E. Harriet Stanwood, Arthur K. Stone, M.D.

The Princess Hermione of Reuss is a skilled watchmaker. Her work has often been shown at exhibitions all over Germany.

Miss A. Bonnabel has been unanimously chosen as chairman of the committee of probation officers in connection with the Juvenile Court of New Orleans.

Mrs. Mary Adelaide Yerkes, widow of Charles T. Yerkes, the traction magnate of Chicago, says she hopes to build at some future time a great hospital in Chicago as a memorial to her husband.

Mrs. Charlemagne Tower, wife of the American Ambassador to Germany, who is to return to this country in the early spring, is so popular that there is much regret over her leaving. Emperor William says she has done more to oil the massive wheels of diplomatic social life than any other American woman he has met during his reign.

Mrs. Medard Lanctot, who has just died in Clinton, Mass., aged 97, was the mother of 13 children, grandmother of 39 grandchildren, great-grandmother to 120 great-grandchildren, and great-great-grandmother of four. Yet she was doubtless described in the census, with all other women who do not work for wages, as a non-producer.

Superintendent Lucy Seiple of Pierce County, N. D., has 99 schools under her charge. She has established one consolidated district, with a new, centrally-located building. The first difficulty was to get teams to carry the pupils, but when she allowed every parent ten cents a day per mile for the round trip, the parents jumped at the proposition. Miss Seiple has provided a stock of canned goods and crackers, so that the pupils can stay a day or two in case of heavy storms, the girls occupying one of the rooms and the boys the other. The teachers stay with them.

Mrs. L. Kilcrease, living at Pine Mill, near Ft. Worth, Tex., has just celebrated her 132nd birthday. She is believed to be the oldest white person in the world. She was born Feb. 10, 1776, in Halifax County, North Carolina, and lived there 100 years before she came with her family to Texas. Her daughter, aged 98, and grand-daughter, aged 63, live with her. Mrs. Kilcrease shows records in a family Bible corroborating her statement as to her age, and investigations have proved them correct. She still enjoys good health, and is able, by use of a cane, to walk about the house. Her recollection of incidents she witnessed a century and a quarter ago is said to be marvellous, and she likes to tell stories of those stirring times.

Miss Jean Gordon, Louisiana's woman factory-inspector, has been seeking in the courts a definition of the law restricting the working hours of children in factories to ten hours a day, with an hour for dinner. The wording of the statute left it uncertain whether the dinner hour was to be taken out of the ten hours, leaving nine hours for labor. Miss Gordon maintained that this should be the interpretation, and the lower court upheld her, but the higher court has reversed the decision. Judge Chretien expressed his belief that "the State Legislature would not pass a law which would have the effect of destroying any industry, especially manufacturing enterprises." He held that it was not the purpose of the legislators in passing the law "to make it so rigid as to place the State in an unfavorable position compared to other States, and to force the factories to leave Louisiana to establish themselves where the law would be more favorable to the operation of their mills." Logically, this would compel Louisiana to rank herself for ever with the most backward States in child-labor legislation—those where the law is most "favorable" to the exploiters of children. But there is a day after to-day.

Mrs. J. Ellen Foster has been made chairman of the Committee on Child Labor recently organized by the daughters of the American Revolution.

Miss Minnie A. Tyler has just been elected town clerk of South Londonderry, Vt., for the thirteenth successive year. Her father and grandfather were her predecessors in the office.

Miss Frances E. Baker has given one hundred acres from her farm to the city of Rochester, N. Y., to enlarge the Tenesee Valley Park. This is one of the most important gifts ever made to the city.

Miss Lavinia H. LaBorde, of Columbia, has been re-elected State Librarian of South Carolina. She has held this position most acceptably for several years, and her re-election by the Legislature was unanimous.

Frau Cosmina Wagner, despite her seventy years, continues as the active director of the famous Bayreuth festivals, which annually draw music-lovers from all parts of the world. She is a daughter of Lizt, the famous composer.

Harriet Otis Dellenbaugh, who plays the young mayor's mother, in "The Man of the Hour," is a famous entertainer at club and society affairs in New York. She gives readings from Browning, Dickens and other authors, and a musical monologue of her own devising.

Mrs. Jennie I. Miller of Nebraska is the president of the State bank of Table Rock. Her son, Gordon D. Miller, and Mrs. Nettie V. David are its vice-presidents. Previous to the death of her husband, Mrs. Miller had been its vice-president for many years. Before his death, which occurred last November, he made over all his property to her, and at the first business meeting of the Board, she was elected to fill his place.

Mrs. Theodore Thomas, widow of the world famous orchestra leader, is making an effort to secure more humane treatment for draft horses in Chicago. She recently addressed the teamsters at their headquarters and asked co-operation in doing away with the practice of overloading wagons engaged in heavy teaming. She asked the teamsters to assist in preparing an ordinance to be presented to the city council

regulating the tonnage teamsters may be permitted to haul.

Ann Warner is an indefatigable worker with her pen, literally, since she never uses a typewriter. During the year 1907, in addition to dramatizing "Aunt Mary" she had fifty-eight short stories printed in America, three books brought out in England, one published in this country and the manuscript prepared for two more. The original story of "Aunt Mary" was rewritten five times before it appeared in book form, and the author wrote the play twice before it was staged.

Miss Mary Marcoe, who died a few days ago in Washington after forty-eight years of continuous service in the office of the Secretary of State, was one of the earliest women to hold a government post. She was appointed in 1859; and although a member of a distinguished Virginia family and in sympathy with the Confederate cause, she remained in the capital during the war, and so great was the confidence reposed in her that no attempt was made to conceal the many great secrets of the department. Miss Marcoe was one of the few women ever permitted to prepare documents for the signature of the Secretary of State. In her half century of work official papers of all kinds were drafted by her, and until a week before her death she was at her desk. She was the first expert of the department in the framing of diplomatic correspondence, and during the forty-eight years each successive Secretary of State profited by her unfailing judgment and experience.

Beatrice Harraden is giving readings from her novel, "Ships that Pass in the Night," to raise money for the suffrage cause in England.

Julia Sands Bryant, daughter of Wiliam Cullen Bryant, has left $10,000 to the trustees of public reservations in Massachusetts, the bequest to be used in opening and maintaining for the public benefit beautiful and historical places.

Mrs. Clarence H. Mackay has just been elected a member of the Roslyn (Long Island) Board of Trade. She was chosen a school trustee three years ago, and has done much to improve the schools. Mrs. Mackay is a public-spirited woman, and a believer in equal suffrage.

Mrs. Ruth Bryan Leavitt, daughter of Wm. J. Bryan, has written from Cairo, Egypt, a formal declination to stand as delegate representing the women at the National Democratic Convention, declaring that she feels it would be in bad taste for her to go into the convention as the champion of her father.

Madame Curie is the subject of an article in Harper's Bazar for March. The author says. "In Paris they call radium 'le metal conjugal" because it was the joint discovery of husband and wife. It was Madame Curie, however, who first noticed the strange properties of uranium, and drew her husband's attention to the researches she had been carrying on alone for many months."

Mrs. Cyrus Pitman Orr is reported in a New York paper as speaking disparagingly of the suffragists, and asking "Who ever heard of a mother with seven children wanting to vote?" Several people have heard of Elizabeth Cady Stanton. She had seven children, five sons and two daughters. Mrs. Lowell, president of the Newton Equal Suffrage League, who is getting up the Easter Sale for the Massachusetts Woman Suffrage Association, is the mother of ten.

Miss Josephine Goldmark did much of the research work for the brief on which Justice Brewer's opinion as to the constitutionality of limiting women's hours of labor was based. In an article in "Charitief," she points out that men's labor in mines is limited by law to eight hours a day in eight States of the Union, and that the men's value and dignity as citizens is not thought to be lessened thereby; nor is their right to vote impaired. Miss Goldmark is a suffragist.

Miss Valfrid Palmbrin of the Royal Library of Sweden, who was sent last year by the Swedish government to investigate conditions in this country, has published a preliminary report, in which she notes the following among other significant features: (1) the large freedom given to the public in the use of the library, exemplified strikingly in the open-shelf system, which, on the whole, she pronounces a great success; (2) the thoroughness with which the material in the library is indexed, making its entire resources immediately available to the student of any subject; (3) the liberality with which the wants of all classes are provided for in stocking libraries; (4) the rapidity with which borrowers are supplied (on this point the librarian of Columbia University is quoted as saying that "while a man may sometimes wait two days and a half in the National Library at Paris to receive the books applied for, and two and a half hours in Berlin for the same purpose, in New York the desired book will be in the hand of the applicant in two and a half minutes"); (5) the large sums annually given by men of wealth to the building and endowment of libraries; (6) the generous provision for children and the systematic study of their particular problems; (7) the development

of the travelling library; (8) the work of the library training schools.

Mrs. Margaret Chanler Aldrich, head of the Women's Municipal League of New York, conducts a model dairy at her summer place at Tarrytown on the Hudson, and sells the milk in New York.

Mrs. L. R. Eastwood of Watertown and Mrs. Carrie Cleveland of Carthage have been appointed by the Governor of South Dakota on a committee to investigate charitable and penal institutions.

Miss Elizabeth K. Jackson has been claim clerk for the Mobile, Jackson and Kansas City Railroad in Mobile, Ala., for the past two years. Only one other woman in Alabama holds such a position.

Miss Leonora O'Reilly, organizer of the Women's Trade Union League, estimates that there are between five and six million working women in the United States, and she says the League does not mean to cease its efforts until they are all organized.

Mrs. E. S. Montgomery, a widow owning a tobacco plantation in Robertson County, Ky., proved a heroine when 200 masked night riders attacked her home the other night. She aroused all her children and, giving them rifles, succeeded in frightening away the gang.

Fanny Crosby, writer of Gospel hymns which are known to two continents, was eighty-eight years old on March 24. She lives with a niece in Bridgeport, Conn, where her anniversary was fittingly recognized. This remarkable woman, whose full name is Frances Jane Crosby Van Alstyne, has been blind ever since she was six weeks old. Her hymns have been sung everywhere in the work of evangelization. She was married in 1858 to Alexander Van Alstyne, who died in 1902. He was a musician, and set some of his wife's best known verses to music.

Mrs. C. E. Cawthorne of Seattle, 70 years of age, won the gold medal at a recent W. C. T. U. contest in that city. She recited with so much beauty, simplicity and naturalness that the judges decided in her favor without hesitation. The Seattle Times says: "Dr. Osler will have to get out a new theory. The Osler idea was that persons of 60 had lost all their mental and physical powers; yet here is Mrs. C. E. Cawthorne, at 70, winning the gold medal for oratory, and feeling as shy about it as a girl of seventeen. Mrs. Cawthorne defeated several women of half her age and less."

Miss Ida Lewis, keeper of the famous Lime Rock lighthouse in the harbor of Newport, R. I., has held the position for over fifty years, and is now suffering from nervousness and loss of sleep. The authorities are considering sending her away for change of scene and a chance of recovery. If they do so, she will leave her post overnight for the first time during her long and eventful service. She was the first woman to be admitted to membership in the American Cross of Honor Society at Washington. She also receives a pension from the Carnegie hero fund in recognition of her rescue of eighteen persons from death.

Mrs. Maxwell-Scott, a great grand-daughter of Sir Walter Scott, is the present owner of Abbotsford, the famous home of the great novelist. She bears a considerable resemblance to her celebrated great-grandfather. The drooping blue eyes of Sir Walter look out from beneath a wide, full brow so like that of Chantry's head of the novelist that it might have served as a model. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott is a gifted writer, has edited the last and best edition of Sir Walter's Diary, and is the author of "Incidents in Scottish History." "The Making of Abbotsford," and several other popular books. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott's eldest son served with gallantry throughout the Boer war, winning the Distinguished Service Order as captain of the Cameron Highlanders.

WOMEN AND MEN CO-WORKERS.—President Roosevelt, addressing the National Education Society, at a reception in the White House at Washington last week, said in part:—

"I want to see a training that will make every boy, every girl, leaving the public schools, feel impelled so to carry himself or herself that the net result when his or her life shall have been lived shall be an addition to the sum total of decent living and achievement for the nation; and have them understand that they are never going to amount to much in the big things if they don't first amount to something in the little things.

"The effort should be made to teach every one that the first requisite of good citizenship is doing the duties that are near at hand. It is no excuse if a man neglects his political duties to say that he is a good husband and father; still less is it an excuse if he is guilty of corruption in politics, or business, to say that his home life is all right. He ought to add to decency in home life, decency in politics."

PRACTICAL PRINCESSES.—A princess is not necessarily a helpless and useless being.

The Duchess Philip of Wurtemberg, for instance, one of the most popular royal ladies in

Germany, has contrived so scientific a bandage that it has been taken up by manufacturers and patented.

The Archduchess Friedrich of Austria has a curious hobby in the making of scented wax candles, which she molds and prepares with her own fingers. She lately raised a tempest in a teapot in Austrian court circles by characterizing as "preposterous extravagance" a time-honored custom observed in all Austrian palaces, that a candle once extinguished may never be relighted.

The Duchess of Guise (who was Princess Isabelle of Bourbon-Orleans) is a skilful milliner and maker of artificial flowers. She always has her dresses trimmed with her own handiwork.

The Czarina has forbidden the ladies of her court to smoke, and has ordered Princess Galitzin to inform the ladies of the court that her majesty dislikes the smell of tobacco.

Mrs. Russell Sage has just given $10,000 for an athletic park and play-ground for the Pierson High School at Sag Harbor, L. I., toward the erection of which she gave $ 100,000. The school is a memorial to Ezra Pierson, one of Mrs. Sage's ancestors.

Mrs. Grace Leattie has made the largest contribution ever given by one person to the fund for the prevention and relief of consumption in this country. Mrs. Leattie is said to be the richest woman in Missouri. She has just given $200,000 to the St. Louis societyt hat is waging war on tuberculosis.

Mrs. Nancy Rose is the oldest of the 33 women who keep lighthouses for Uncle Sam. She has had charge of the lighthouse at Stony Point, Hudson river, for nearly 50 years. But though Mrs. Rose is the oldest, Ida Lewis is the most famous of women lighthouse keepers. She has saved 13 lives. The women employed in the lighthouse service are for the most part the widows or daughters of former keepers, and though the responsibilities of their position are great, they generally prove very efficient.

Mrs. Humphry Ward is expected to arrive in America this month. She will be the guest of her niece, Mrs. Whitridge, of New York. Mrs. Ward is the president of the Society of Woman Journalists in England. Her views on the women question are eccentric. She was a warm advocate of the bill passed by Parliament last year making women eligible as mayors, aldermen and town and county councillors, and she thinks it is natural for women to exercise municipal suffrage as to breathe, but she is opposed to the Parliamentary vote for women. She and Marie Corelli are aid to be the only English literary women of prominence who are "Antis."

Miss Ida Benoit of New York City has patented a skirt-protector which she claims will enable a woman to leave her house in a silk or chiffon gown with a long train, and to walk along the streets or go on the street cars without getting her skirt soiled or attracting unpleasant notice. The protection has the appearance of a pair of skeleton bloomers, with ample fulness to carry the skirts, and with straps and belt to hold it in place. Miss Benoit recommends the protection for business women who must go out in all sorts of weather, and for all walking and climbing. Worn under a long coat or cap, it is absolutely invisible and can be put on or off in a minute. It can be made up in rain-proof material for $2.50.

Miss Claudia LeBlanc, of Fall River, Mass, is both a business woman and a philanthropist. She is only 27, but has already made a fortune in business. She is connected with many large concerns, and is head of the Actna Loan Company of Boston. Miss LeBlanc came to Massachusetts from Quebec with her parents, when very young. At 13, she ran away from school and found employment in a fruit store in Lowell. Later she went to work in a hosiery mill as a loom girl. With her earnings she paid for a course in a commercial school, borrowed money and opened a shoe store in Lowell at the age of 19. She made large profits and brought real estate, gradually workl ng into a regular real estate business. Then she branched into brokerage, and to-day she owns 40 brokerage offices in New England. She employs 478 people, giving the preference to women, has 30 tenements in Lowell, 31 in Fall River, six stores and much real estate in various New England towns. During the great Fall River strike Miss LeBlanc won the love of the working people by throwing open all her 31 tenements, rent free, to the needy strikers.

The Heroism of Indian Women in the Transvaal.—We are apt to harbour the desponding thought that as we are degenerate descendants of our noble ancestors, we cannot do anything great. But the old fire is not extinct among us, as the following paragraphs taken from *Indian Opinion*, describing the heroism of Indian women in the Transvaal, show:—

No one who is at all acquainted with the intense family affection existing amongst Indians can be unaware of the supreme self-sacrifice of the Transvaal Indian women. Not one knew from one day to another when her husband would be torn from her side and consigned to the goals of the Colony, when the father of her children

would suddenly disappear, when her natural protector and the family bread-winner would be swiftly withdrawn, and she and her children left to starve, or obliged to rely upon the honour of the Indian community, that it would be true to the solemn pledge taken in September, 1906, and would maintain the women and children of those who should be incarcerated.

One of the men arrested at Pietersburg was in Pretoria when the Pretoria men were sentenced so barbarously. Terrified at the thought of heavy penalties, including hard labour, he hastily proceeded to Natal, where his wife lay upon a bed of sickness whence she might never again arise. Upon his arrival in Durban, however, she demanded of him the cause of his departure from the Transvaal, and when she heard the cause, peremptorily ordered him to return by the next train and submit to his punishment. He returned, surrendered to the police in Pietersburg, and was sentenced to three months' imprisonment with hard labour.

Another man, in Pretoria, who had disobeyed the magisterial order to leave the Colony, was to appear before the Court to receive sentence. His courage began to leave him, but his wife informed him that if he were a coward, she would don his clothes and herself receive punishment on his behalf. He went to gaol.

Do not these modern Indian heroines remind us of the mediæval heroines of Rajputana?

The Madrasi women of Pretoria informed, their husbands, sons, and brothers, who had undertaken picket duty, that they need not be alarmed for them. If the men were arrested and sent to gaol, they themselves would at once take their places in the pickets' ranks and warn the people of the perils awaiting them.

At Germiston, on Tuesday week, a mass meeting of Indian women was held, to protest against the iniquities of the law. A resolution was passed calling upon the Government to respect Indian marital vows, which forbade the separation of husbands from wives and wives from husbands, and demanding the right to share their husbands' imprisonment. A similar meeting was being arranged for Friday week last in Johannesburg, when the happy culmination of events rendered unnecessary such a proceeding.

Numbers of such heroines exist in India to-day. Men of India! prove worthy of your mothers, sisters, wives and daughters.

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

Acknowledgments for April, 1908.

		RS.	A.
1.	Nawab Ghulam Ahmed Khan, Coromandel	4	0
2.	Dr. Ayacheeammal, Bangalore ...	4	0
3.	Miss D. Bushnell, America	4	8
4.	Miss M. E. Chubb, Karachi	4	0
5.	S. Chidambara Iyer, Esq., Trichinopoly	4	0
6.	Miss Susan Daggett, America ...	4	8
7.	P. Daniel, Esq., Nagercoil	4	0
8.	E. J. Granjer, Esq., Belgaum ...	4	0
9.	Ch. Govindas, Esq., Palghat... ...	4	0
10.	Mrs. Edward Hume, America ...	4	8
11.	P. Janakamma, Madras	4	0
12.	P. Jivaji, Esq., Periyakulam	4	0
13.	R. Koustibham, Esq., Coconada ...	4	0
14.	Mrs. Macrae, England ...	9	0
15.	The Minor Zamindar of Khasimcota ...	4	0
16.	S. Kanckachelum, Esq., Parlakimedi ...	4	0
17.	Head Master, Municipal High School, Mayaveram	4	8
18.	Mrs. A. B. Miller, America	4	0
19.	Mr. K. P. Velayudha Menon ...	4	0
20.	A. Nathaniel, Esq., Tanjore	4	0
21.	Miss Alice Newell, America	4	8
22.	H. H. The Rani Pratab Bahadur, Singh, Esq., Allahabad	4	8
23.	Mrs. Pease, America	4	8
24.	E. F. Randolph, Esq., England ...	4	8
25.	Miss P. Sharada, Calicut	2	0
26.	Mrs. Stienthal, Calcutta	4	0
27.	V. Solomon, Esq., Nicobar	4	0
28.	Mrs. Amar Das	4	0
29.	Mrs. Downie, Nellore	4	0
30.	B. Lakshmana Rao, Esq., Nicobar ...	4	0
31.	Miss Nathaniel, Ceylon	4	0
32.	S. G. Patwardhan, Esq., Wardha ...	4	0
33.	Mrs. Pears, Madras	4	0
34.	The Principal, Noble College, Masulipatam	4	0
35.	Mrs. V. Raman Menon, Kottakal ...	4	0
36.	Mrs. R. N. Roy, Bhowanipur ...	4	0
37.	Mrs. R. Row, Bombay	4	0
38.	Mrs. C. R. Menon, Alwaye	4	0
39.	Secretary, Reading Room, Coconada ...	4	0
40.	Lady Stanley, Allahabad	4	0
41.	S. Sreenivasa Iyengar, Esq., Madras ...	4	0
42.	S. Sreenivasa Rao Saheb, Esq., Tenali ...	4	0
43.	T. Sanbamurti Rao, Esq., Tanjore ...	4	0
44.	K. Sreenivasa Iyer, Esq., Kondal ...	4	0
45.	N. Subramanya Iyer, Esq., Madras ...	4	0
46.	Mrs. Ch. Theodore, Mangalore ...	4	0
47.	Miss Williams, Lucknow	4	0
48.	M. D. Wahab, Esq., Agra	4	0

WHAT TO WEAR?

EASILY ANSWERED!

Try wearing "Lalimli" Pure Wool Clothing in place of materials made of inferior fibres, but sold as "Woollen."

At once you'll notice the increased comfort!

Soon, you'll observe the difference in health.

That's the Pure Wool—it acts as a non-conductor of heat and by keeping the body at a normal temperature prevents dangerous chills.

"LALIMLI"

FABRICS

are all guaranteed

PURE WOOL

Flannels, Serges, Tweeds, Broad-cloths, Hosiery, Underwear, Rugs, Blankets, etc., etc.

The Cawnpore Woollen Mills Co., Ltd.

Write for free samples and patterns to

"Lalimli," No. 115, Cawnpore.

THE GARDENER'S DAUGHTER
(From a well-known picture)